

Don't call it

OR-E-GAWN

by ELLIS LUCIA
author of "The BIG BLOW"



A VIEW OF OREGON TODAY
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About the Author

As a professional writer-photographer, Ellis Lucia has long made Oregon a major beat for both national and regional publications. He knows the state well — the land, the people and its history. His articles and pictures have appeared in over a hundred publications, including New York Times, Parade, Argosy, Pageant, King Features, American Weekly, Westways, Sunset, and Empire. He is the author of three hardcover books: "The Saga of Ben Holladay", "Klondike Kate", and "Tough Men, Tough Country", all of which are laid in the Pacific Northwest. His illustrated slick paperback "The Big Blow", about the Northwest's great 1962 Columbus Day Storm, was a regional best seller. Mr. Lucia is a member of the Author's League, the Western Writers of America, and the Oregon Freelance Club. He drew from years of observation as a newspaperman, editor, and freelance writer to put together this graphic profile of Oregon today.



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Don't call it **OR-E-GAWN**

A VIEW OF OREGON TODAY

By Ellis Lucia

"A sound, well-illustrated amalgam of history and travel, together with many present-day facts about an important Western state. An excellent guide for the visitor or the native . . ."

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"What do we want of this vast, worthless area, this region of savages and wild beasts, of shifting sands and whirlpools of dust, of cactus and prairie dogs? To what use could we ever hope to put these great deserts or these great mountain ranges, impenetrable and covered to their base with eternal snow? Mr. President, I will never vote one cent from the public treasury to place the Pacific Coast one inch nearer Boston than it is now."

—DANIEL WEBSTER, speaking in Congress
about the Columbia River Country

Don't Call It Or-e-gawn!

If you want to rub an Oregonian the wrong way, mispronounce the name of his state:

"Or-e-gawn."

Like they say it Down East.

It will bring the same reaction as calling San Francisco "Frisco".

When New Yorker Nelson Rockefeller came politicking to Oregon early in 1964, he was met at the airport by some of his staunch supporters.

"I'm glad to be in Or-e-gawn," said Rockefeller.

"Or-i-gun, Or-i-gun," chanted his greeters.

Grinning, Rockefeller promised he'd try to improve.

Oregonians think everyone should know better, for the Web-feet are proud of their heritage, their colorful history, the great beauties of their state, and their contributions to American life. Oregon played a leading role in the settlement of the West, even though folks from Jesse James land don't believe it. After all, where was everyone headed originally? Down the Oregon Trail. . .

No one is certain where the name came from, although Indian tribes called the great River of the West the "Ouragan" or "Ourigan". From the spellings in 18th century papers of Major Robert Rogers, you get the impression that the pronunciation to which Oregonians take such violent exception today is closer to being correct. But to get along nowadays you say it "Or-i-gun", running the syllables together rapidly, with the accent on the first. To do otherwise is to be branded an ignoramus and from the "outside". Offenders have been hanged for less. . .

Oregon is always having troubles like this. Some writer, editor, or map artist is forever mislocating Crater Lake in California and Mount Hood in Washington. And no one — but no one — from the outside knows how to say Willamette. ("It's Will-lamb-



Oregon is a land of many contrasts, from wide open spaces to bustling cities and towns of the modern West.

it dammit!") When it's done wrong on a national television show, the entire state goes up in Injun smoke signals and irate letters and telegrams flood the offending network. A few years ago, Dave Garroway mispronounced the Tualatin Valley, where famed mountain man Joe Meek settled. The natives were quite shook up.

Oregonians have long suspected a conspiracy among writers, the mass media, and the state of California. It goes back quite a way, ever since rascally promoters like Lansford Hastings and Caleb Greenwood were employed by John Sutter to turn solid folks from the Oregon Trail with talk of the bountiful goodies to be found in Californy. The Webfeet remain dead certain there are still sneaky deals afoot, what with the Bear Flag State not only syphoning off huge quantities of Northwest hydroelectric power, but casting thirsty eyes at the Columbia River and its many tributaries as a big bonanza of water.

Oregon has had to live in the immediate shadow of the pushy Golden State, and the living has not always been easy. Rascals like Mr. Hastings, who doomed the Donner Party, set the pattern for the aggressive Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. Over the years, Californians added insult to injury, laughing and ridiculing their northern neighbor. It put Oregon on the defensive and gave her an inferiority complex. She has never quite gotten over it, and today Webfeet are both alarmed and hostile toward the land in the south. They really shouldn't be, for many envious Californians wish they had more left of what Oregon has in abundance — scenic beauty spots, a public-owned coastline, deep forests, clean streams and rivers, much wildlife, and vast wide open spaces.



The Beaver State is developing into a major playland for the nation's most populous place, where things are getting mighty overcrowded, with parks like Yosemite a freeway traffic jam on weekends. A century ago, during the great population influx of the Gold Rush, Oregon became the breadbasket to supply the Forty-Niners. Now as more and more California orchards, vineyards and irrigated fields succumb to housing developments, days of the Golden State as a leading agricultural producer seem numbered. The Oregon farm becomes increasingly important; and not only farms, but all else, for the Oregon Country is on the very doorstep of this big market area. It's a case of history repeating itself.

In early times Oregon had it made, being the goal of westward expansion and dreams. The search for the Northwest Pas-

sage was linked to the legendary River of the West that the Indians talked about. Lewis and Clark, in 1805-06, hiked overland to have a look and floated down to the mouth of the Columbia River where they spent a miserable winter. They pulled trappers and traders after them, and later the wagon trains with their permanent settlers. Oregon was first and foremost in the minds of men, with the name on everyone's lips.

The Oregon Trail is one of history's most famous roads. Astoria was the first *American* outpost and Oregon City the first U. S. territorial capital of the Far West. Indeed, the plat for the city of San Francisco is on file at Oregon City, exhibited for disbelieving visitors. It was brought there to "make it legal". Zealous San Franciscans have long wished to get it back, but Oregonians say not on your life. With a chuckle, they point out this is just one bit of concrete evidence of how they have it over California: that Oregon was green and growing, a part of the U.S.A., when California was a backward brown province of Mexico.

Portland was one of the West Coast's two leading cities of the mid-19th century. The other was San Francisco. Los Angeles and Seattle were merely villages. Portland became a major seaport, even though it was 120 miles upriver from the Pacific Ocean. Good rail and inland water traffic developed, and the place known as Stump Town boomed and grew rapidly. But somewhere along the line, the city dropped the ball and, until the last decade, showed few signs of recovery.

John Marshall fouled up everything for my state the day he spotted those yellow pebbles in the creekbed of the Sierra foothills. (It is an intriguing aside that three years earlier, children of a wagon train bound over the Sierras brought flakes of gold into camp, but there was no excitement about them.) If gold had been discovered first in eastern Oregon and Idaho, as was later done, the Oregon story would have been vastly different. Things were never again the same, with thousands of hungry gold-crazed miners pouring into California. Someone had to feed them and the well-established Oregon farmer did it. Oregonians also built many ships for the bulging coastal trade and supplied lumber for the growing towns in the south from the rich Oregon timberlands. None of this has ever received much attention in California textbooks. Trouble was, Oregonians didn't make the most of their opportunities. They got the gold itch, too, abandoning farms, families, and the fortunes to be made at home to head for the Mother Lode. Oregon lagged behind as California surged ahead boistrously.



Top: Golden daffodils bloom against Mt. Hood backdrop.

Below: A huge barge pushes upstream past anglers after salmon.



Beachgoers prowl near **PETER IREDALE** wreck, Ft. Stevens state park.

It has long been fashionable sport to poke fun at Oregon as a good place to be from. As an ex-Californian, I have endured questioning glances from my friends in the south as to “just what are you doing up there?” Looking back, it did seem rather primitive when we moved to gloomy Portland in 1937, seeing stacks of cordwood on the curbsings, struggling with wood fires for heat and cooking, riding the pokey trollies along the narrow streets . . . the dark days, the unending dampness, the slow unyielding pace, and all the rest compared with the bustling, hell-for-leather San Francisco we knew. But World War II changed many things, and Portland and Oregon have come quite a way since then.

There are still many eastern outlanders, however, who wonder if Oregonians wear shoes over their webbed feet and if the Indians are likely to break out. Lush motels and hotels, broad freeways, and fancy shopping centers are out of character. A bear being chased through city streets and cowboys shooting it out on the High Desert are more believable.

Much of this is Oregon’s own fault. There remains a strong feeling of provincialism, and much talk about it — the great reluctance to trade outdoor wonders and their freedom for huge industrial payrolls, freeways, housing projects, billboards, neon jungles, and other prizes of progress, Space Age-style. Conservative . . .

backward . . . unsophisticated . . . backwoodsy . . . content with the *status quo* . . . prototype of New England . . . These are terms applied for decades to the Beaver State by writers and observers, homegrown and otherwise. There is no denying that it is part of the Oregon personality, but certainly not all of it, for some is fallacy and from habit. The trouble is that Oregonians have had little courage or ambition to fight back, so they have habitually played the underdog. They are more likely to nod silently that since everyone says so, it must be true, "but we like it the way it is." Oregonians have never been able to laugh at their own shortcomings nor to capitalize upon them.

There are exceptions, of course, but they are all too few. In recent years, the Portland Rainmakers struck a milestone as a local spoof organization devoted to making light of the area's wet and depressing climate by clowning at public events and receptions for visiting VIP's. What they say in effect is that this is not merely an "unusual year", but that it rains like the devil here much of the time, something Lewis and Clark concluded 150 years ago. There is little of the easy going, live-and-let-live attitude one finds in California and other parts of the West. Instead, there is a constant striving, almost frantic at times, to be dignified and keep up with the Joneses. Town characters and colorful personalities



Crowds enjoy sunny day at Rooster Rock beach, Columbia Gorge.



French Prairie farmer proudly displays beaver traps, used by his great grandfather, a mountain man settling near Champoege.

are looked down upon, rather than accepted as in San Francisco. The late Klondike Kate withstood a lot of ridicule from fellow Oregonians. Her home state would rather forget her today than enjoy her colorful legend, as is done with Haw Tabor and Baby Doe over Colorado way, even to becoming a popular nationally known operetta.

Not too many years ago, the region's most beloved author, Stewart Holbrook, was visited by the late Bernard DeVoto. The great historian wanted, above all, to see historic Erickson's Saloon, down on Portland's Skid Road, once containing the longest bar in the world which went 'round the block. Ex-logger Holbrook obliged, and photographers were summoned while Holbrook and DeVoto posed leaning against the rustic bar, in old-time derbies, with the innkeeper in fancy vest and apron, his hair neatly parted in the middle. But the picture never saw the light of day in Portland, for editors refused to risk shocking their readers with this undignified display by two of the nation's leading writers, one a



Oregon is boaters' paradise; this marina is typical of hundreds.

Pulitzer Prize winner, in a saloon — and on Skid Road no less! The picture was finally published in the widely circulated *Territorial Enterprise* at Virginia City, Nevada, by Lucius Beebe who saw nothing wrong with it.

Mr. Holbrook, a Yankee himself, has never been one to cheer for progress in his adopted hometown of Portland, where he lives and works. He ran into a violent storm, however, when he suggested changing the name of Portland to Multnomah, certainly more distinctive and historically correct, and which would have eliminated confusion with other Portlands around the country. It produced a loud furor among the citizenry which made national headlines. The city council finally got itself off the hook by concluding that Mr. Holbrook was “only kidding” and the thing should be firmly pigeonholed. No one knows to this day whether he was or wasn't kidding, but he had an idea there, and it all goes to show how seriously Oregonians take themselves. . .



The 45th parallel, halfway to the equator, runs through Oregon and you cross it with no strain or pain between Portland and Salem. State Senator Ted Hallock claims the center of the United States now also lies in here, at the ghost town of Pondosa in Union County of northeastern Oregon. Senator Hallock's calculations take in the area of all 50 states including the Aleutians, against the records of the Geodetic Survey which place the nation's geographic center in South Dakota.



Top: Hell's Canyon, of Snake River, is deepest in U. S.

Below: A proud father holds up his catch on famed Rogue River.

Oregon's great abundance of top-drawer natural beauty has forever been the state's leading asset, of which the home citizenry may boast with pride and a certainty that what they say will go largely unchallenged. Few places can match this Eden in all the world, with its overflowing montage of rolling emerald hills and valleys, towering snowy volcanic peaks, jagged coastline, thick forests of tall timber, rich plains of grass as high as an Indian, dashing rivers, tumbling streams, deep gorges, strange outcroppings and pinnacles, lava and fossil beds, yawning abysses, deserts that go forever, a big big sky — truly a rugged land of excitement, adventure, awesomeness and freedom away from ear-splitting, nerve wracking sounds and stifling smells of modern living.

For the lucky Oregonian, it takes only moments to reach such places of hideaway. Even Portland, the only metropolis, boasts the largest natural forest inside any U.S. city, 3,500-acre Forest Park. Steelhead and salmon are caught within city limits; deer, bear and bobcat sometimes invade neighborhoods. The great and varied outdoors is ever near, even for the busy business executive who may gaze from his office window upon forested hills and deep rivers, dreaming of the weekend when he can wet a line for a tackle-busting steelhead or chill his marrow in a soggy duck blind.

At the same time, this executive may well be plotting against the things he holds dear by promoting more people, larger payrolls, more industries, and all that comes with them — smog, pollution, declining fish and wildlife, restricted parks and hunting grounds, vice, crime, traffic — “because we have to grow.” For decades Oregon has been a one industry state, logging and lumbering, and is fighting for a more balanced economy. But above this, the state wants to make like California because this is thought to be the thing to do. Portland yearns to be another Los Angeles so badly, according to its spokesmen, that you can taste it, and already is off and running with its pollution and traffic problems. The streets are numbered in anticipation 23 miles into the suburban towns to the west. One forecast is two million people in Portland by the year 2000. The horrifying picture of a solid metropolis from Seattle to Salem and perhaps up the entire Willamette Valley, like the Bay peninsula, gleefully ignites the imaginations of the profit-takers and speculators, even though it will destroy the things that make Oregon a wonderland. I have never been against sound, sane growth, but I believe that the best Oregonians could do is take measure of what has happened in the south and act accordingly to protect the treasures that make the Beaver

State very special, and to guard against the tragic type of neon jungle surrounding once-beautiful and serene Lake Tahoe, which should have been a state or national park.

"Scenery is all right," you hear, "but you can't eat scenery."

Tell this to thousands of tourists who drink in the countless wonders of Oregon and spend their dollars. Tourism is the state's third largest industry. In its biggest year, 1963, tourists spent \$220,000,000. Within five years tourism may well be the state's leading industry, according to the forecasts.

A leading Oregon banker crawled up beside me recently in a Eugene cocktail lounge. His bank is one of the major "offenders" at promoting a "greater Oregon".

"I have to go along with it," he confided, glancing warily about the room. "But over a beer, a guy has the right to his own opinions, doesn't he? You like to fish, don't you? Like to hunt? Like to tramp in the woods? I came from the Midwest. To me, this is real living just the way it is. And when you think of it, what do we get out of life other than these relaxing pleasures? It wouldn't be Oregon without them."



There is much historical lore. Lewis and Clark made lasting imprint at St. Paul in Willamette Valley.

Others would violently disagree. Oregon today is a split personality, resisting change on one hand, vigorous and eager on the other, to the point of running helter-skelter in many directions. The right hand oftentimes doesn't know what the left hand doeth, let alone understand it. A few years back, a squabble over daylight saving time — whether to have it and how — chopped the state into feuding particles of mass confusion, where every town, every whistle stop had its own time. For visitors, the Great Time War was a graphic demonstration of Oregon individualism or quaintness, depending on how you wished to view it. It all appeared rather outlandish. Finally the lawmakers fixed Oregon's clock in line with neighboring states, but not without plenty of bellowing about milk cows that wouldn't adjust and why did Oregon have to follow California in everything? Many folks still gripe that daylight time was "crammed down our throats by Portland". So-called "upstaters" are always battling the big town in any and every way; Portland is always fighting itself.



Oregon therefore is a land of many contrasts, a duke's mixture as varied as its scenery. Long looked upon as being Republican conservative, it swept into the Democratic columns a few years ago. Its veteran senior senator is liberal Wayne L. Morse, maverick of the U.S. Congress. Charged with being backward, the state has one of the best highway and park systems anywhere. Oregon pioneered such things as the gasoline tax, the initiative, referendum and recall, and puts them to use, for Oregonians like spice in their political wars. Their state has become an important primary election testing ground for national politics, including 1964.

You hear, too, that Oregon is conservative because it is "too churchy". Many of its historic towns were founded by church groups and still retain a rich religious tradition. But the state's per capita church membership, amazingly, is lowest in the nation, 23.2 per cent of the total population, compared with a national average of 42.4 per cent.

Other samplings discount Oregon conservatism. Unlike neighboring Washington, Oregon has a much more liberal liquor law which allows bars and lounges to operate Sundays, women may sit at the bar, you may carry drinks across the room, and you may dance where booze is served. Freeways are posted for 70 miles per hour. During World War II Portland, symbol of Oregon backwardness to eastern writers, was hailed by servicemen as the best leave town on the West Coast.

The late Richard L. Neuberger was a thorn in the side of his state, constantly needling hesitant leaders via his progressive typewriter to "get on with it". Once when he bared Portland's soul to the world in the Saturday Evening Post, local leaders were so angry that Neuberger was forced to take to the radio to defend his position. Neuberger who went to the U.S. Senate to join his old teacher, Wayne Morse (they were known as the Morseberger) before his untimely death was openly hated by many oldline Oregon leaders, firmly entrenched in the state's affairs and pretty well running things to suit themselves. But Neuberger became the first Democratic senator elected in 40 years, a bitter pill for oldtimers to swallow.

It is no wonder that the complex Oregon character is such a puzzlement. The shack on the High Desert of Central Oregon is a world apart from Portland's swank Lloyd Center, one of the world's most advanced shopping areas. There seems scant room for understanding between eastern Oregon cattlemen and the coast resort operator. Editors observe that "it's a wonder they get together on anything". It's too bad, some say, that Oregon and Washington weren't partitioned north and south along the summit of the Cascade Mountains. Western and eastern halves of both states have many things in common.

It's too late now, unless a rebellion by eastern Oregon materializes. From time to time the crusty ranchers threaten to secede and form another state, or join Nevada to bring gambling within a couple of hours of the populous Willamette Valley. As yet no one has taken them seriously, but what a turmoil that would create. . .

But to most Oregonians and each year's mounting thousands of visitors, the Beaver State is above all else a treasured place to relax, to get away from it all, where you can roam and wander in comfort and freedom, and view some of the rich past and much of the exciting present. It's yours to enjoy from the wild coast to the primitive Owyhee. But please don't call it "Or-e-gawn".



Oregonians thrive on liquid sunshine, also called Oregon Mist.

Liquid Sunshine--

Oregon was admitted to the Union on St. Valentine's Day, 1859, and is one of the two states celebrating its birthday on that day. The other is Arizona which joined in 1912 and was the last of the old 48. By then, Oregon was an old hand at being part of the Union.

Although Oregon could stake a strong claim to being the nation's Sweetheart State, very little has ever been made of the fact. Oregonians prefer that their homeland be known as the Beaver State and themselves as Webfeet.

Two things characterize Oregon to outsiders — rain and timber. You can find both in overwhelming abundance west of the Cas-

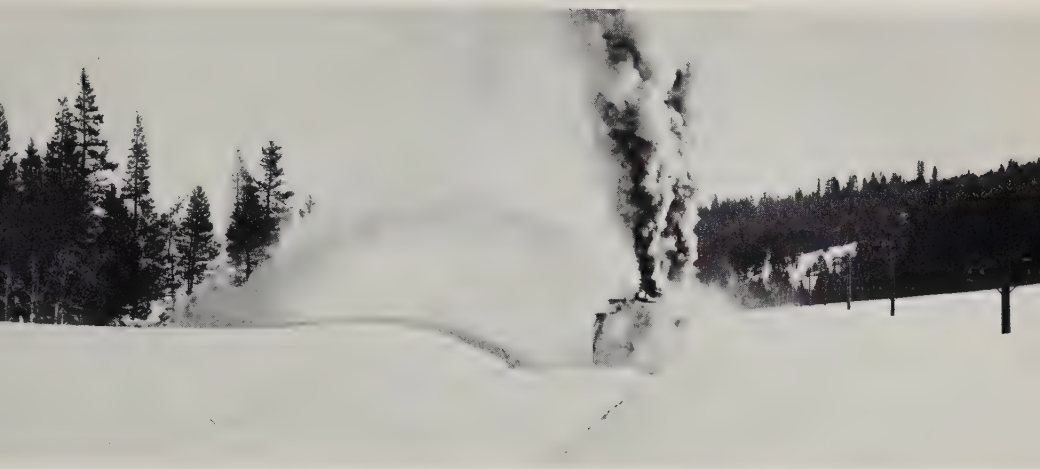
acades. In this land of evergreenery, one hinges on the other. Oregon is big timber country, with the nation's last great stands of towering forests located here. Western Oregon is also one of the wettest spots in the United States. In this damp, chilling climate the stately Douglas fir thrives in healthy numbers, while in the drier regions east of the mountains, the ponderosa pine takes over.

Rain and overcast gray skies, which Author Stewart Holbrook once described as the "Great Gloom", are both boon and bugaboo to large sections of Oregon, for life here is molded by the climate. Too much rain can ruin crops, touch off floods, sour dispositions, and cause business to fall off. So can too little rain. The region is likely to have too much rather than too little, and anyone sporting a deep, healthy tan has just returned from Palm Springs or Tucson. Western Oregonians are pallid (unless they are fudging with sunlamps); it isn't that they're anemic, they just don't often see the sun. When Arizona Senator Barry Goldwater came calling, Governor Mark Hatfield — who describes Oregon's climate as "air-conditioned" — presented him with a sunlamp.

The loyal natives contend their climate is a mild, balmy and moderate state of affairs. But even they become visibly irritated



Storms lash Oregon coast, make spectacular displays like this at Boiler Bay.



Heavy snows blanket Cascades, keep highway and railroad plows busy.

in spring and summer when the long-dreamed-of warm sunny days fail to materialize. Many Oregon transplants, like myself, never get used to the endless rain and sunless skies. We find them depressing and confining, even though it is the reason for the lush emerald beauty so greatly admired by tourists. The folks who readily accept the liquid sunshine are the Midwesterners to whom most anything would seem a paradise after the dust-ridden prairies. Visitors from smoggy Southern California and the hot Southwest also welcome this gentle dew in brief respite.

"This feels just wonderful!" remarked movie-TV star Jane Powell, a native Oregonian landing by plane for a visit. Miss Powell, who grew up in Portland, knows what to expect of her homeland.

People call it "Oregon Mist" and add with a chuckle that "it shore didn't miss Oregon". There is also the standing joke: if you can't see Mount Hood, it's raining; if you can, it's going to rain. To tourists, Oregonians explain that "this is an unusual year", although in the last decade most every year seems to be "unusual", with summers disappointingly cool and damp, so that front porch sitting evenings is something that happened to another generation, long ago.

The Oregon Coast, the Coast Range Mountains, and the northern Willamette Valley are hardest hit by this year-around drenching. The average rainfall along the coast is 75 to 80 inches, while in some sections of the Coast Range Mountains, it runs to 130

inches. That's a lot of rain! In the Willamette Valley, the rainfall and cloudy days taper off in the south, but in the northern sector, the deluge runs over 50 inches yearly compared to Medford, in the southern section of the state, where the rainfall averages about 18 inches.

Portland, at the juncture of two huge rivers, has one of the most unhappy climates for a large city in all the West, rivaled only by Seattle and Tacoma and sometimes compared with London. Moisture-laden clouds surge continually for weeks on end across the coastal mountains and hang over the big town, bunching against the Cascades in thickening quantities, and dumping or dripping their soggy residue on everything. Fog also persists off the rivers. The city has about 41.62 inches of rainfall annually and the air is most always cool and damp, with an average summer temperature of only 64.3 degrees. Days when the mercury soars into the 90's are indeed rare, but so is a heavy winter snowfall. What snow there may be is very wet and usually doesn't last long. An all-day blue sky is hard to come by and often when the sun rises into a cloudless sky, it is overcast by nine o'clock. The most popular forecast is "Cloudy with showers" and the most fashionable attire the rain slicker and umbrella. An out-of-state promoter for one of Portland's smart new hotels, visibly irritated over questions about tunnels and covered areas in the design, remarked: "Let's quit kidding ourselves; you people simply don't have 365 days of sunshine a year!"



In late fall through the spring, lashing wind and rain storms rake the Oregon coast, then spread inland. Wrote William Clark, an exceedingly poor speller, of a typical storm at Fort Clatsop:

"The wind blew with such violence that we wer almost overwhelmed with water. . . O . How horriable is the day." Things haven't changed in 150 years.

Sixty mile winds are not uncommon along the coast during the storm seasons, creating great spectacles as mountainous waves slam against the jagged seawalls and send foamy spray flying high into the air. An excellent place to view such a storm is around Depoe Bay. The Oregon Country is not given to typhoons, hurricanes, and tornadoes, as are other parts of the continent. But Oregonians have had the wind jitters ever since the great Columbus Day Storm of 1962 when the tail of a tropical typhoon lashed western Oregon and Washington with 100-mile winds. The freak Big Blow, the worst on record, reaped destruction for a thousand



The freak 1962 Columbus Day windstorm created havoc through large section of western Oregon.

miles in towns, forests and farmlands, wrecking homes, big buildings and power systems, and causing half a hundred deaths. Modern living was brought to a standstill and over \$170,000,000 damages were inflicted on Oregon alone — the nation's worst natural disaster of that year. Coastal residents, too, have the tide jitters, following the frightening tidal wave which battered the seashore in March 1964 from the great Alaska earthquake.

"I love it!" said a young housewife, wiping her nose from the sniffles. Many Webfeet say they feel better when it's cloudy. Despite the fact that all long for sunshine and bright days, they have become so acclimatized that there are many complaints when the sun shines for very long at a stretch. Out come the dark glasses. The direct sunshine hurts their eyes, makes them ill and yearn to return to a gloomy normalcy.

Newspapers and promotion bureaus steadfastly issue reassurances that this is the healthiest, happiest climate found anywhere, despite the high incidence of tuberculosis, sinus trouble, arthritis, bad teeth, mental depression, and suicides.

"Autumn rains of Western Oregon are a thing of life that no one will stumble upon suddenly and appreciate directly," admitted an editor of the *Oregon Journal*. "It may seem to the newcomer that fall in Oregon would be the last thing in the world he would want to write home about unless he wanted to be purposely dis-

trekking. The trouble about the season, for newcomers, is that they have no case histories to bring from their files so that, remembering, they could know contentment. . . To the new eye, the power of the gray blanket that heaves and sobs onto the hills of Western Oregon must seem pitiless. Only the person who has lived under this dark, racking mass days on end, years on end, could find comfort in it as an old, if crotchety friend. . ."



Oddly, less populated sections of the state have better weather. Brookings is considered the banana belt of the southern coast, often balmy and warm with flowers blooming in January. The Rogue Valley enjoys briefer winters and far less rainfall. My good writer friend, Gene Olson of Grants Pass, takes joy in reporting that he is working on his porch in shirtsleeves in February. The summers there are hotter, too, with temperatures in the 90's, a rarity in the Willamette Valley where the range averages 45 to 70 degrees.

East of the Cascades, the climate is as different as the landscape — colder in winter, warmer in summer, many more days of cloudless skies. The rainfall drops to 12 inches while the uncloudy days climb to around 85 per cent in summer. Oregon's other self boasts 300 sunshiny days a year, although it is seasonally a great deal colder, in some places down to 50 below, but this is a dry cold similar to the Great Plains or the Southwest, rather than the penetrating dampness of the west side. Someday, perhaps as sunshine-loving Californians drift north, the climatic benefits of these lesser-known sections of Oregon will come into their own.

But for now, the population explosion is in the Willamette Valley and its environs. Here the kids play hopscotch and marbles in the rain, golfers golf in the rain, anglers fish in the rain, picnickers eat out in the rain, people hike in the rain, festivals parade in the rain, and homeowners don rubberized fishing gear to cut their lawns in the rain. And they learn to like it. You can get used to anything, they say, and Oregonians count their blessings, for this is their way of life. . .



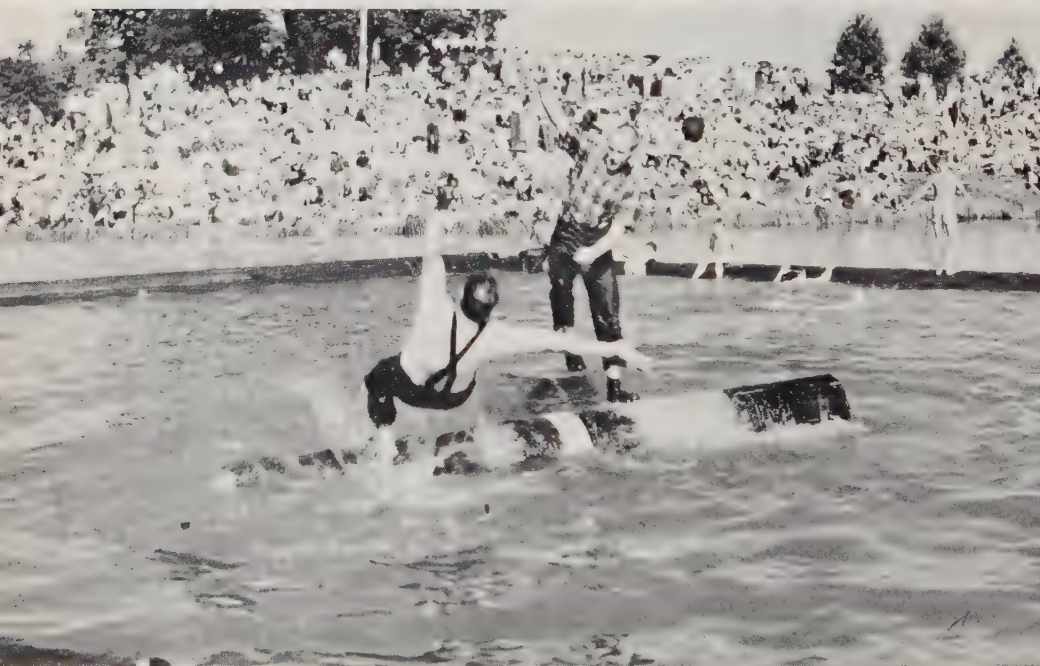
A California gold seeker brought home cones instead of nuggets, and planted this unique lane of sequoias near Forest Grove.

The Tall Timber--

Tall trees and tall men shaped much of the past, and also the present, in the rugged Oregon country.

Lumber has been the state's principal industry since the first pioneers set their axes to the towering firs, dumped logs in the rivers, and floated them down to Thomas McKay's rustic little mill near Champoege. The state's economy revolves around the log and the headsaw, for one half of Oregon is forest land, with 59 per cent of the 25.9 million acres (15.1 million acres) owned by the federal government. Oregon became a state over a century ago, but Uncle Sam continues to have huge and powerful interests here.

There are approximately 434 billion board feet of standing



Top: Oregon timberlands have suffered disastrous fires.

Below: In summer brawny loggers compete in rousing Albany Timber Carnival.

timber in Oregon, more than any other state including Alaska, enough to build a home for everyone in the nation. Douglas fir, ponderosa pine, western red cedar, Sitka spruce, and hemlock are among the predominant varieties. The Douglas fir is the leader west of the Cascades; east of the mountains is pine country.

These deep areas of mountain greenery also shelter some of the West's leading wildlife reserves, where fowl and fauna roam as freely as they have always done. There is only one national park, Crater Lake, but 14 national forests and numerous natural and wilderness areas. The state maintains about 125 parks and wayside areas, totalling 57,000 acres, and open to picnicking, camping, hiking, fishing and hunting in season. For sportsmen, naturalists, and lovers of the outdoors, there are few states that can match Oregon in this category.

Oregon boasts of its tall timber, felled by brawny he-men, and of its world-renown saw, paper and plywood mills. It has also experienced some of the planet's most devastating forest fires. At Bandon-By-The-Sea in 1936, the entire town was destroyed in five hours, 23 persons perished, and the trapped population was driven into the surf by a raging holocaust, started from a slashing fire. And the Tillamook fire of 1933 was the scene of the mightiest conflagration of them all, when a virgin forest "blew up", blackening 300,000 acres of top-grade timber country. The same rugged area has burned several times since, in all ruining around 500,000 acres in the Coast Range between Portland and Tillamook. But the original fire was the memorable one, so huge that cinders fell on valley towns and chickens went to roost at midday.

Today, the ghostly snags of the once-fine trees have been pulled down, a great salvage effort won, and now the Tillamook Burn will soon be known as the Tillamook Forest, with thousands of healthy young trees reaching skyward three decades after the 1933 blow-up. The Tillamook Burn is becoming green again, although it remains a colorful sight when the vine maple turns brilliant shades in late summer. This is considered a marked achievement in forest rehabilitation, for the Burn was transformed into a giant forest laboratory in tough mountain land said impossible to return to forest production. A maximum effort went into the project, with helicopter seeding, hand planting, rodent eradication and good fire protection. Thousands of school children ventured forth to help plant the seedlings. A vast network of roads and trails, it is hoped, will keep any fires from rampaging over the replanted lands.

What has taken place in the Tillamook Burn is symbolic of how things have changed in this timber country. Where once it was "cut and get out", the lumber industry now measures up to its responsibilities in developing forests of the future and teaming with state and federal foresters to reclaim burned-off and logged-off lands. There are many tree farms of the industry, some open for tours, and the state maintains a huge forest research laboratory at Corvallis to discover new ways of growing trees and uses for the wood. Like the hog grower, the industry now uses everything but the "squeal", even to the development of medical drugs.



In this time of capsule power and automation, we are inclined to forget the heydays of logging, not so many years ago, when men of muscle brought out the big trees with oxen and steam over skid roads using crude equipment of enormous size and weight. North of Klamath Falls along U.S. 97 is Collier State Park, containing one of the best collections of oldtime logging equipment found anywhere. The outdoor museum, where delighted youngsters may scramble over the donkey engines and high wheels, is a memorial to the tough bulls of the woods, lead men, whistle punks, high climbers, choker setters and all others who wore calked boots in that hairy-chested era.

In northwest Portland, a fine timber museum has been arranged in the historic Forestry Building, the largest log house in the world, erected for the 1905 Lewis and Clark World's Fair and about the only memento that remains. The interior of this structure is something to behold; 52 great trees rising 54 feet to the rafters, forming a cathedral-like hall 206 feet long and 102 feet wide, with the building containing 1,200,000 board feet of lumber, each fir column of sufficient size to build a house. It is said that nowadays, it would be impossible to construct such a place, for the big trees are all gone and the cost would be prohibitive. But in 1905, lusty loggers were fired with ambition over prospects of the fair. The finest trees of the region were singled out, floated down the rivers to Guild's Lake and hauled up the steep slope by steam donkeys to be tooled and fitted into place by craftsmen who labored voluntarily to erect the fair's most impressive structure. The great cabin has never been equalled and the only building to rival it at all is Timberline Lodge on the slopes of Mount Hood, raised in the 1930's.

The hall's exhibits depict graphically the overall importance of timber growing to Oregon, where lumber and its many byproducts make up 60 cents of every income dollar. Plywood, hardboard,



Christmas greens and holly are shipped to world markets.

home finishings and paneling, furniture, paper, shakes, shingles, pilings, ties, laminated beams and arches, and countless other items come from the Oregon woods. Many of the nation's magazines and newspapers are printed on Oregon paper, and you may see how paper is made during daily tours of the mills.

Other things come from the vast Oregon outdoors. Some people make a living gathering evergreens for floral shops. One of the most colorful enterprises is the shipment of holly, trees, and greenery to an international market at Christmastime. There are numerous holly farms in the upper Willamette Valley. Between Milwaukie and Oregon City at the Brownell Farm, you can see growing varieties of holly collected from around the world. Up to a few years ago, Oregonians were able to venture into the woods to cut their own Christmas trees, but now, shotguns in hand, farmers frown upon this activity. You can still do it by permit in national forests and there are also special farms where Dad can take his kids to chop down their own Christmas tree.

And over on the coast, the Oregon myrtlewood industry is a thriving one, producing bowls, bookends, candle holders, gun stocks, and many souvenir items from trees said to grow nowhere else outside the Holy Land.



The Oregon coast is wildly beautiful, with countless beaches, coves.

The Rugged Seawall--

There is an age-old debate among vacationers about where to go for a holiday — the mountains, the country, or the seashore. Along the Oregon Coast you have all three in one awesome package.

On this 400-mile shoreline, from the mighty Columbia River's yawning mouth to the California border, you find the picturesque charm of New England, the rugged grandeur of Scandinavia, and the floral beauty of Hawaii. Only a scant 24 miles are privately owned, thanks to the vision of a former Oregon governor, Oswald West. The rest is publicly retained by the state for your enjoyment.

This is a wonderland of white beaches, ragged promontories, evergreen forests and colorful blooms, a bewitching blend of past and present. Its diversity provides a mecca for nature lovers, sightseers, sportsmen, photographers, artists, and folks who just enjoy the tide pools and being at the edge of the sea. It is a place to

unwind, for you can spend an entire day on a lonely driftwood-strewn beach without seeing another soul.

Like all else about Oregon, the huge wild vastness is overwhelming along this powerful coast. The Coast Range Mountains come right down to the sea, clashing with the restless Pacific in a never ceasing fortissimo. Volcanic caves await low-tide exploration; you can prowl for buried treasure you probably won't find, but it is fun looking anyway, allowing your imagination to run free along the many legends. Multi-colored agates are yours for the taking, and timbered trails trimmed with wild blooms lead high above the surf. Mountain streams alive with trout tumble over secluded waterfalls, bordered in moss, and deep rivers every few miles invite you to back country fishing trips. Freshwater lakes are just across the sand dunes, within earshot of the surf.

The coast has many state parks, side roads, wayside areas and camping spots, wild animals roaming the woods, bird rookeries, historical sites, and breathtaking panoramas. Much of the twisting, wheeling highway has been rebuilt into a fast modern route, but without eliminating many of the thrilling viewpoints, which are well marked. This is a region geared for the tourists, for they are the mainstay of livelihood for people who cling to the seawall.



As a vacation haven, the Oregon Coast is young, for we were well into this century before it was very accessible and then the old corkscrew roadway acted as a deterrent. In recent years, the coast has undergone many changes and modernization has brought with it good motels and eateries, boat docks, trailer parks and camp grounds, golf courses, art centers, and everything desired for a restful vacation. Most people come during the summer season, but there are many who prefer the balmy days of fall (some of the best coast weather is in September and early October), and growing numbers dash seaward in winter to view the pounding storms, when the sea is at its wildest.

All the marvels of this seacoast cannot be seen in a day or a weekend, but a good sampling may be viewed in a few days' time. You may do this comfortably by car and daily busses traveling the U.S. 101 route. It is possible also to make one-day loop trips from Portland, Salem, Eugene, and Roseburg.

The best place to begin is at the beginning — historic Astoria which was the beginning for Americans in the Far West. If you are coming from the north, you'll be introduced to Oregon by an exciting ferry ride across the Columbia mouth; if you are already in

Astoria, park the car and take the ride as a passenger for fifty cents round trip. Looking upstream at the forested hills, you get some idea how the river must have appeared to Robert Gray, the Yankee skipper who discovered and named it. Approaching Astoria is like coming into San Francisco in miniature, with the net draped docks and the houses clinging to the steep hillsides, topped by the famed Astor Column; and now a great bridge which may someday knock out the last of the coast's ferry systems.

The site of old Fort Astoria is near the center of the city and a few blocks away in a ship captain's mansion is the Clatsop County Historical Society museum, with a fine collection of early artifacts of the north coast area. A maritime museum is also in the making, for Astoria is a sea and fishing port. From Coxcomb Hill, where the 125-foot Astor Column rises (you can climb to the top), you get an enthralling sweep of the mouth of the river and the rugged range that stretches far down the coast. Below, just a short distance south from Astoria is Fort Clatsop, the winter encampment of Lewis and Clark.

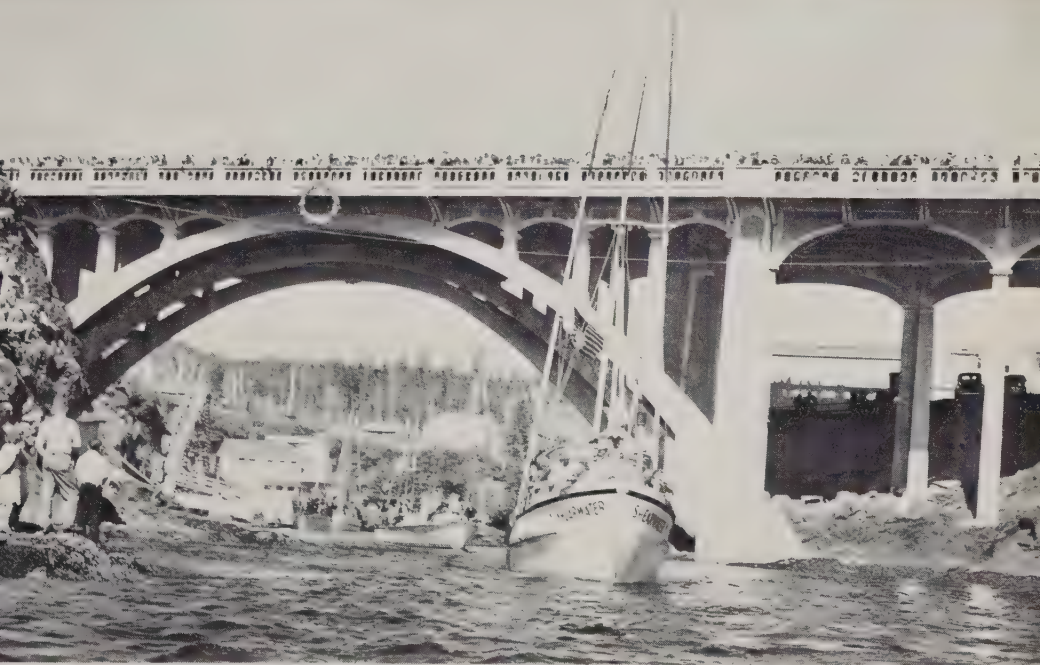
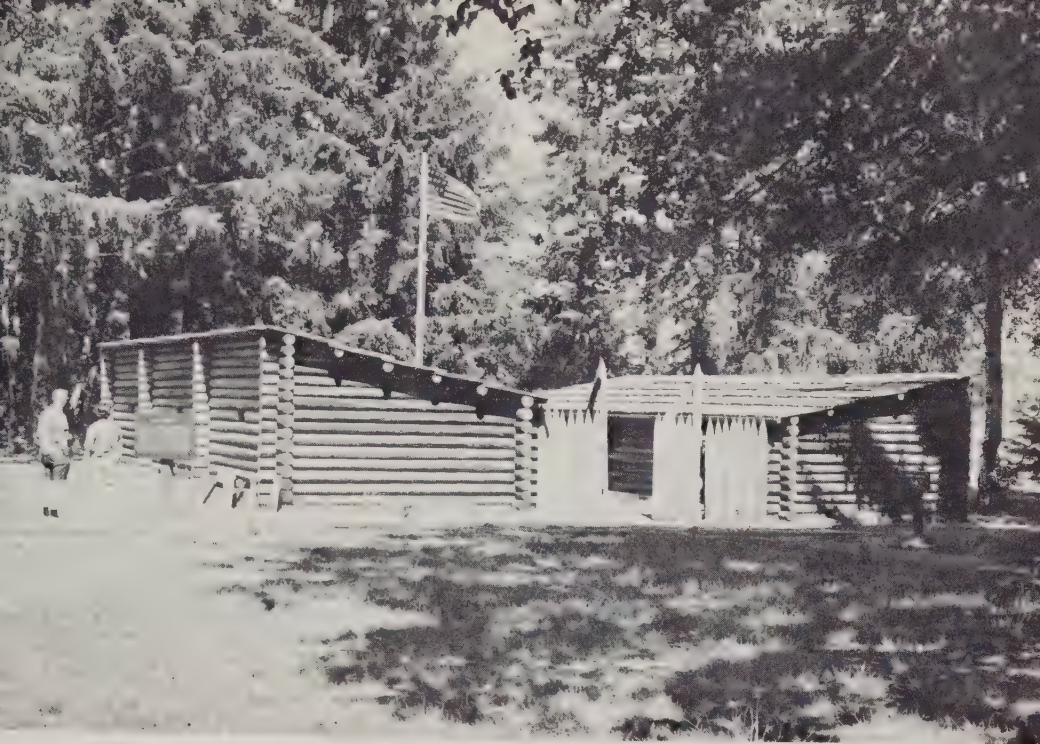
Near Warrenton, where you can charter a salmon fishing trip, is Fort Stevens, headquarters for the Columbia River defenses until declared obsolete following World War II. The buildings and installations are readily visible, and there is a spacious state park near the wreckage of the schooner *Peter Iredale* which ran aground over half a century ago. But Fort Stevens has added significance, for it was here that shells from a Japanese submarine fell early in World War II, the first time in more than a century that this country had been "bombed" by a foreign power.



The rolling Clatsop Plains are covered with firs, spruce, alder, salal, and huckleberry. Wild and cultivated flowers grow profusely in this region of much rain. There are dazzling arrays of dogwood, daffodils, blue lilacs, heather, lupine, kinnikinnick, Indian paintbrush, rhododendrons and azaleas; and in springtime the yellow Scotch Broom strikes a golden trail between Astoria and Seaside.

The Seaside-Gearhart area has long ranked as a leading coast resort section, so that the natives readily boast "Seaside has everything." Nearby Gearhart, with its huge hotel, motel and restaurant facilities is a mecca for golfers, with annual tournaments attracting them from up and down the West Coast, including Hollywood "names." Dining at the Surfside is an experience, watching the sun go down through the big picture windows.

Seaside was actually the coast's first resort, popular with early



Top: Replica of Fort Clatsop, near Astoria, is national memorial.

Below: At Depoe Bay, fishing craft cast blooms on water Memorial Day.



The coast has many state parks; this is Fogarty Creek.

Portlanders who came by sternwheeler. Transportation monarch Ben Holladay built a hotel and estate in the 1870's where the golf course is now, a mile from the salt cairn of Lewis and Clark. It was from his Seaside House that the town got its name and perhaps some of its tradition. Seaside is boistrous, with a carnival-like main street where thousands flock on weekends and which has been plagued since 1962 with Labor Day rioting and destruction by swarms of young people who travel great distances to "get in on the fun." In July, paradoxically, this place is also the scene of the Miss Oregon Pageant, where pretty girls vie for the crown which will send them to Atlantic City.

But Seaside isn't all carnival. There are many fine motels and apartments away from the main drag, and good eateries. The Crab Broiler has won national citations and is the area's leading dinery. At the Par-Tee Room you can feast on Polynesian dishes prepared by "Tommy" overlooking the site of Holladay's famed hostelry. The friendly Cartwrights will point out the old racetrack in the contours of the golf course, where Holladay and his friends sat on the wilderness veranda, sipped mint juleps and bet on Kentucky thoroughbreds.

The beach here is a good one, broad and spacious, with fishing from the rocks in the cove and directly into the surf. The tinkle of clam buckets at daybreak means diggers are headed for the sand-

bars in quest of the famed Seaside razor clams. The reward is a succulent one, for when handled by a cook that knows how, the clams turn golden in the frying pan and melt in your mouth. At lowtide, too, you may explore the tide pools in the cove for starfish and hermit crabs. There's a small but adequate aquarium along the Prom, with some clowning seals who will splash you if you don't feed them; and for hikers, the trail up Tillamook Head leads to some awesome viewpoints and can be followed clear to Cannon Beach.



Towering over this region a few miles inland is 3,266-foot Saddle Mountain where Indians sent up smoke signals as they gathered on the beaches for great feasts of razor clams. From spring through autumn (the best time is May and June), hundreds of wild flower varieties bloom there, some unique to this part of the continent. A good trail takes hikers to the top for a view of the coast as the eagle sees it.

Near Cannon Beach is famed Ecola State Park, the most photographed place on the coast, often seen in national publications. Part of the park slid into the sea a few years ago, but it has been restored along with good picnic facilities, hiking trails and sea-scapes. On Cannon Beach you may drive along the hard sand near Haystack Rock, but if you do, watch out for the tides which



Dune buggies explore great sand mountains near Florence.



Top: The strange Octopus Tree, a spruce, is found on Cape Meares.

Below: Anglers are attracted by fishing beach, mouth of Siletz River at Taft.

sneak up on you, especially if you journey around any of the headlands. Many a car has been lost here, trapped by the rising sea. If you like to ride, horses may be rented nearby for beach sojourns.

Neahkahnie Mountain rises 1,638 feet abruptly from the sea, the highway whipping around the face to give sweeping views of the wild coast. This is a mountain of mystery where there is supposedly buried treasure, according to Indian legend. Truly, in Oswald West State Park (formerly Short Sands), a Spanish galleon was wrecked, and the finding of beeswax and stones with strange markings has convinced many people there is gold on that thar mountain. Some have spent fortunes trying to find it. If you're inclined, some of the marked stones may be viewed along the road to the beach near Manzanita, where wild mushrooms are harvested in the fall. The discoveries along this mighty seawall are a constant source of wonder. Early in 1964 the shifting ocean unveiled a huge new agate bed. And, at Seal Rock near Waldport, 12-year-old James Holroyd uncovered a rusted, barnacle-cruste 18th century sword of the British navy.



Oswald West Park is one of the coast's most beautiful. From the parking area you walk over an easy trail through cool woods and along the banks of streams to the protective sandy beach, thickly strewn with driftwood and good for bathing, fishing or just lolling on the sand.

Around Nehalem and Tillamook Bay the boat and jetty fishing are excellent. At Bar View you can take flounders, perch, rock and ling cod, and occasionally a halibut on light tackle. Skin divers also find this a good area to explore. Boaters and bank fishermen work the bays and rivers for silverside, chinook salmon, steelhead, and cutthroat trout. Many of the coastal rivers are top winter steelhead streams.

Tillamook is prime dairy country, famous for its cheese. North of the city are world-famous cheese kitchens, with daily tours of the plant, drawing some 150,000 visitors annually. For food, the Victory House is the leading restaurant. To the west are the picturesque beach towns of Netarts and Oceanside. By skirting Tillamook Bay you cross Cape Meares, rugged and grand, and may visit the lighthouse which was located by mistake on the wrong point. Up the lighthouse road apiece, too, is the strange Octopus Tree, a grotesque spruce of unusual dimensions. Cape Lookout State Park, farther on, also has many strange trees.

For almost 200 miles south from Tillamook, U.S. 101 touches

the evergreen of Siuslaw National Forest. This is the heartland of the coast's vacation area, centering around the Lincoln County beaches and the towns of Oceanlake, Nelscott, Delake, Depoe Bay, Taft and Newport. Just about anything in the way of seacoast recreation is found in this area, and the accommodations are good, priced to your needs and tastes. There are swank places, too, like the King Surf Resort, while the famed Pixie Kitchen and the Dorchester House attract hordes of hungry coastgoers.

When there's a rousing storm and even when there's not, a good place to watch the foamy surf is at Boiler Bay, named for a ship's boiler that came ashore, but which really does boil at times. At Depoe Bay, a keyhole natural slot in solid rock, fishing trollers find safe harbor; and on Memorial Day the Fleet of Flowers ventures out to sea to cast remembrance wreaths upon the water. Amateur sportsmen swing aboard the trollers for deep sea fishing for chinook salmon, tuna, sea bass and red snapper. At the Devil's Punch Bowl the water slams through a deep cauldron to boil and teem, and then recede.

Handsome bridges carry the highway over the broad waters of Yaquina, Alsea, Siuslaw and the Umpqua Rivers. Before the bridges were built, ferries plied these waterways and youngsters passed among the waiting cars with smoked salmon for sale. The



Sea Lion Caves, north of Florence, are popular attraction. Automatic elevator now easily takes visitors to caves.



In mid-summer, silver smelt are netted on coast, in sandy coves of places like this one near Yachats.

bridges put the ferries and the young vendors out of business, but the smoked fish is still very much a coastal delicacy. Along with potato chips, coffee and the sound and smell of the sea, it provides a treat to be long-remembered and relished — even though it takes some good scrubbing to get the fish fragrance off your fingers.

Between the Alsea and the Siuslaw is the little village of Yachats, snuggled to the mouth of the Yachats River and where the family-run Adobe, one of the coast's best resorts, is located. There are miles of rocky shore and sandy beach, good for surf casting, bathing, rock hunting, and clam digging; and at the proper time, as you watch from Beulah's restaurant, the big salmon struggle across the shallow bars on their way upstream to spawning grounds. Bloodstones, petrified woods, flowered jasper and agates are found on the beaches, and there are fishing holes galore.

About 18 miles beyond Yachats, at the foot of a broken precipice, are the Sea Lion Caves, the only sea lion rookery on the nation's mainland. These mammals come from afar to winter on the coast. On a rocky throne in the main chamber the chief of the sea lions rules his noisy herd. The caves are reached easily now by elevator, so that even the elderly and handicapped may see them. Close by, too, are the great moving sand dunes which are being considered for national park status. Dune buggy rides across this Sahara are available, the best way to inspect them.



The mile-long Coos Bay Bridge, with a 130-foot clearance at high tide, is one of the West Coast's most spectacular spans, leading into the cities of North Bend and Coos Bay. (No one dares speak of one without mentioning the other, for the rivalry here is as heated as the Martins and the Coys.) This is a big shipping point



A happy angler exhibits his fine catch of panfish.

and lumbering a major industry, but much of the talk is about striped bass, for some of the nation's biggest are taken here. The stripers migrated north from San Francisco Bay many years ago and thrived better in Coos Bay than in the south. Anglers come from every state and many foreign countries to battle the tackle busters running from 15 pounds up, with the record over 60 pounds.

Heart of the myrtlewood country is a bit farther south, but you can find innumerable shops all along the coast. The myrtlewood was once regarded by loggers as a "weed", but the dome-shaped trees are now highly prized. They are easy to spot as you drive along and the source of an interesting industry, as the shabby-appearing wood has a rare beauty when sanded and polished into a wide variety of souvenir items.

At Wedderburn on the Rogue River, you won't want to miss the scenic mailboat trip into the back country, 64 miles of wild viewing in a little changed part of the Old West, with a lunch stop at the upriver turn-around at Agness.

Great Green Valley--

The Willamette River flows in the wrong direction. It is one of a few major streams in the West that runs north, instead of west or south to the sea.

This makes for some confusion since in the common vernacular, "up" means north and "down" means south. As a result, folks in the huge Willamette Valley don't know whether to say they are going up (the valley) or down (the river) to Portland, or up or down to Eugene. The same goes for Portlanders, who aren't sure whether they go up or down to Salem, although with them, most everything outside the Rose City is "upstate", a misnomer which ruffles the feathers of just about every non-Portlander from the Pudding River to Wagontire.

Willamette Valley-ites are very conscious of the big, lazy river and its tributaries, for these play a major role in their way of life. In pioneer times, sternwheelers helped settle the valley, carrying heavy tons of goods as far as Eugene and into the sidestreams. Every hamlet, every farm had its dock stacked with cordwood and the colorful boats brought out the produce to the shipping center of Portland. The river was an expressway before the railroads, in days when roads were mud trails. Along the waterways most everybody and everything moved, from logs to mills to grain for market.

The Willamette River, which has its origin in two branches springing from the Cascades and Coast Range, is also a disturbing element, flooding the lowlands in springtime and sometimes really going on the rampage. But its assets offset its liabilities in electrical and mechanical power for towns and industries, water for crops and livestock, and a source of recreation in boating, swimming, fishing and water skiing.

The valley is green and sprawling, from the Calapooya Hills near Eugene-Springfield 125 miles north to Portland which isn't considered in the valley, although technically it probably is. The valley floor is seldom above 500 feet from sea level and there is



Top: The green, beautiful valley of the Willamette River.

Below: Thrilling White Water Parade on McKenzie near Eugene is annual event of springtime.

plenty of space in 11,200 square miles of fertile plain, with eleven counties lying wholly or partly within the region extending cross-wise about 60 miles from the Coast Range to the Cascades. When it's clear, snowy Mount Hood on the east and bald Mary's Peak to the west look down upon the rolling land.

Water from the streams or the sky is very important to this great oblong salad bowl. The valley has many lakes, swamps and marshes, and a long rainy season from November through May. Too little rain wrecks crops, for only eight per cent of cultivated land is under irrigation.

A number of key cities are located here, none of which comes close to rivaling Portland population-wise. Among them are Eugene, Salem, Albany, Corvallis, McMinnville, Newberg, Hillsboro and Forest Grove. A fast north-south expressway now splices this heartland (U.S. Interstate 5) so that you may drive from Portland to the California line without hitting a stoplight. Motorists used to complain about the bottlenecks; now they bellyache because sections of the route are so straight and boring that you become drowsy and have to battle sleep for miles, since the coffee places are sometimes as far apart as on a desert.



There is nothing boring, however, away from this beaten track along wonderful twisting country roads that meander amid gnarled oaks and tall firs beside farms that date from pioneer times, with many of the fine old homes still standing. Dairy cattle and sheep graze in the pastures and stumplands, bright blooms trim the roadways, flights of ducks rise from the ponds, the frogs and crickets sing their noisy songs, and in proper season, the fields are gay with strawberries and tall in yellow corn.

One of my favorite backroad trips begins at historic Oregon City, with a pause to look at the boiling Willamette Falls, a U-shaped drop-off 450 feet wide and 45 feet high. A city-owned elevator takes you for a good view and on the upper level is the restored old home of Dr. John McLoughlin of the Hudson's Bay Company. A major paper mill is located by the falls, too, and if you have time, it's worthwhile touring the place to see how paper for a world market is manufactured. The locks here date from the 1870's when the upper river was opened to steamboat traffic.

From the falls, you follow the highway (99E) a few miles to Canby, then cross on one of the three remaining ferries operating on the Willamette. The other two are upriver at Wheatland and Buena Vista. The road wanders west across fields and forests toward

Champoeg, and from the hilltops you are given a panoramic view of rural Oregon at its finest. For that matter, any backroads trek in the valley is a worthy experience, as this place is loaded with thrilling pastoral scenes, reminiscent of poetic New England and Grandma Moses paintings.

The earliest settlers called the Champoeg area a prairie, and the section south of the historic birthplace of Oregon is known as French Prairie. It is much as it was when first tilled 150 years ago by former French-Canadian employes of the Astor Company, which had a trading post on the Willamette. Among them were Etienne Lucier, Louis LaBonte, Joseph Gervais, and Baptiste Dorion. Marie Dorion, first woman to cross the plains to settle in Oregon, is buried in the church cemetery in tiny St. Louis, one of several historic little settlements and crossroads on the prairie. The names of some of the first farmers, who figured in the founding of Oregon, still exist on the mail boxes of their direct descendants and the old farm homes contain many collectors' items of early times in Oregon. I have held, for example, beaver traps owned by the great grandson of an early mountain man. If you are a lover of historical lore, this area is steeped in it.



There are countless picnic places, parks, wayside spots throughout Oregon. Some are provided by timber companies.



Barbershop quartets compete yearly at Forest Grove festival.

Champoeg is a shrine of the past. It has for decades been a family gathering place and on summer weekends thousands come to play and relax, for it is an easy drive off the Salem expressway. Steamboats used to bring celebrants upriver from Portland. The old pavilion tells of the glorious age of the river queens in the actual nameplates hanging from the rafters. Nearby, the D.A.R. maintains a pioneer log home as a museum, while on the adjacent hill the house of Robert Newell, mountain man and early Oregon leader, has been carefully restored. If you're looking for a sample of what living was like for pioneer settlers of the valley, this is a fine example, open daily for inspection. At Newberg, the boyhood home of Herbert Hoover has also been restored.

Agriculture dominates much of the life and times of the big valley. All the centers have their canneries and processing plants, and from spring to fall the farms and towns bustle with the harvesting—berries, cherries, vegetables, many fruits, nuts, mint, hops, grains, forage . . . A single farm may grow from 10 to 15 different crops. There is also much lumbering and a large yield from farm woodlots to pulp, saw and plywood mills. The valley abounds in wildlife including deer, rabbits, squirrels, quail, ducks, grouse and pheasant which fly up before your car as you wander through a sea of green beside brushy ponds and orchards fragrant with springtime blossoms, catching sight of weathered brown barns, some of them ripped asunder, stark and unrepaired monuments to the great Columbus Day Storm.

Salem, almost halfway to the North Pole, is the state capital, so much of its activity and thought revolves around state business.

The capital was moved here in 1851 and the early building destroyed by fire in 1935. A gleaming bronze pioneer statue high on the modernistic dome surveys the city in trees below and symbolizes the cherished ties to frontier times. Squirrels frolic about the grounds, also denuded by the Big Blow. More huge state buildings are rising on the mall area, while across the way is Willamette University, founded in 1841 and claimed the oldest in the West.

But here, as elsewhere in the valley, Salem is more than the seat of the state government. It is the mid-valley heartland of the farming community and the second largest fruit processing center in the United States, Marion County being among the 100 leading farm producing counties of the nation. Gross farm sales total over \$150,000,000 a year for over 100 different products, employing 10,000 seasonal workers at 13 canneries.

In late summer Salem is the scene of the colorful State Fair, celebrating its centennial in 1965. The valley has a continual array of festivals, beginning in late February with a Gay Nineties song-fest for barbershop quartets at Ballad Town U.S.A.—Forest Grove. There are thrilling rodeos at St. Paul and Molalla, oldtime steam thresher contests, art shows, and pioneer gatherings. In summer this schedule reaches a mighty crescendo with celebrations each weekend. Every community, every crossroads seemingly has its queen, court and festival parades. It is said that there are more queens and princesses concentrated in Oregon than most anywhere else in the world.

Some of these festivals are indeed unique. Sherwood, Oregon, has an international archery contest with Sherwood Forest, England, by long distance telephone. Near Eugene in April along the wild McKenzie River, thrill-seeking boaters stage an exciting "white water parade" down the torrential river, in which every kind of floating contraption is seen, from makeshift raft to inner tube, while thousands line the banks to watch the daring take the rapids and get a dunking.

One of the most colorful summer events is the Timber Carnival at Albany around the Fourth of July. This is the "World Series" for brawny loggers who pit their talents for world titles in high climbing, bucking, log rolling, chopping and axe throwing in steel-nerved competition.



Picturesque Canby ferry is one of three still bridging Willamette.

For outdoor lovers, east of Salem and Albany are beautiful recreation areas around Detroit Dam and Silver Falls State Park. Silver Falls is said to have more waterfalls in a small concentrated area than any other park in the country. Along 12 miles of mossy wooded trails are eight crystal clear falls in water hewn rock formations. This is truly a beautiful park and a must for any traveler.

Things at Corvallis and Eugene revolve around college campuses, for Oregon State University and the University of Oregon are located in these cities. These places really jump with excitement during football and basketball seasons, for West Coast rivalry is keen and real. Many speeches and entertainments by visiting notables are also held on the campuses.

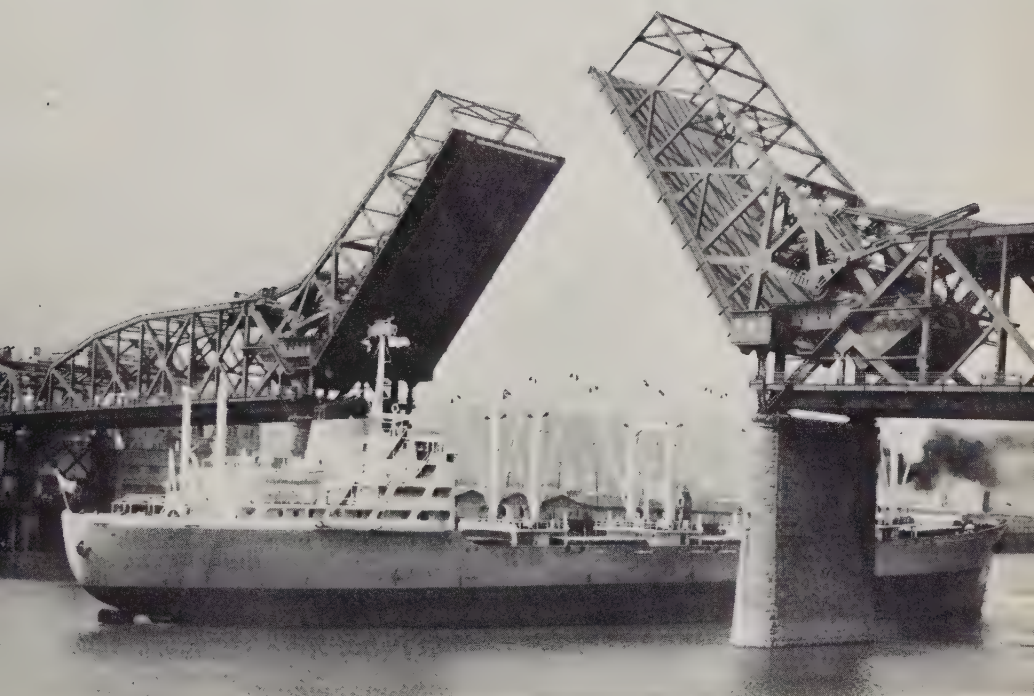
Around Eugene and Springfield you may take sawmill and plywood tours, view spectacular Blue Lake bean fields, locate old mines in the Bohemia district and enjoy that area's colorful July wildflower displays, see trout and salmon hatcheries, explore wilderness areas and lava beds on the upper McKenzie. This is a center for vacationers, having 114 parks with picnic and camping units, and many fine motels. For luxurious dining and relaxing, there are the County Squire, north of Eugene on the expressway, with its Merry-Go-Round bar which gives you a start if you don't know about it; and the famed Village Green at Cottage Grove, a plush resort in the Palm Springs class built by a wealthy local lumberman who felt he owed his town "something." Now the Village Green draws people from all over the world, including many famous names. Farther south is Roseburg, another leading lumber center, and the beautiful Umpqua River Country.

City of Poses--

Portland is situated on a rolling plain near the confluence of the Willamette and Columbia rivers, against the backdrop of the most famous peak of the Cascades, Mount Hood. On a clear crisp day, the view of city and mountain is an inspiring sight from 1,073-foot Council Crest, the city's leading viewpoint of the West Hills, officially called the Tualatin Mountains. Sometimes Hood's cloudcap looks like smoke of an eruption, which jams the switchboards of newspapers and the city hall.

Portland is always posing, looking at its image in the deep running rivers at its doorstep. By this I mean that the city is forever trying to be something that it isn't. I have lived in the place for 25 years and have noted slight change in this fundamental characteristic. The town has little of the cosmopolitanism of San Francisco and Seattle, the robustness of Denver, the busy excitement of Phoenix, or the overwhelming gaudiness of Los Angeles. While it could well stand on its own merits, Portland attempts instead to imitate its neighbors of the West, or to reach to the far corners of the world for its ideas and romance. For some odd reason, it is trying continually to escape its Western heritage, which the people look upon as corny. Among the city's good restaurants, for example, there isn't one with an atmosphere of the Oregon Trail, and only one (the Timber Topper) themed around the logging industry which has been Portland's mainstay for lo these many years. Yet you may dine "continental" in numerous places.

The city's indecisiveness goes back to its early beginnings when it was called "Stump Town" and Oregon City was the budding metropolis at the end of the Oregon Trail. Two of the early settlers, Francis Pettygrove and Asa Lovejoy, both New Englanders, couldn't agree on a name in 1845 so they flipped a coin. Pettygrove who was from Maine won the toss and Portland it was, over Lovejoy's suggestion of Boston.



Top: Growing Portland skyline towers under a somber sky.
Below: A huge freighter eases through the Broadway Bridge.

Four streets and 16 blocks were laid out that year and Pettygrove built a store, while others erected a blacksmith shop and tannery. Three years later all the founders had left the scene. However, other newcomers were ambitious men, as they are today, and Portland began growing by hell and high water, picking off the trade bound upriver to Milwaukie and Oregon City at the head of navigation. Wisely, a plank road was thrust up a canyon to the west and produce from the rich Tualatin Valley began flowing into Portland which became a crossroads of trade from every direction.

The city with a population of 375,000 (834,000 in the metropolitan area) has always been a big water and rail shipping center. Its waterfront in other times was busy with steamboats and barges, while the tall masts of the windjammers could be seen as a forest for long distances. The river traffic is still heavy and big ships from many lands tie up at the docks. Portland has a rich waterfront tradition and is finally awakening to the needs for a good maritime museum. Well over 4,000,000 tons were shipped in 1963, including 80,000,000 bushels of grain plus exports of flour, logs, lumber, metal scrap, paper, dried peas, stock feed and coke. During the year over 1,500 ships flying twenty-seven flags came to this port of call. And in two world wars this inland seaport led the nation in the building of great fleets of Liberty ships by a man named Kaiser who has since branched out in many directions.



Despite its being a key West Coast center, Portland has held the stigma of a "small town". Critics believe that much of the city's reluctance to change comes from its New England Yankee descendants who have made fortunes and now want to sit. The city is also reported to have more people over 65 than any other U.S. metropolis, and this may have something to do with it. Outsiders may be deeply impressed with the fabulous Lloyd Center and the zoological gardens, with their world-famous baby elephants, but they find little of marked distinction, originality, or built-in tradition, for the City of Roses has tried to shrug off its past, with dire results. In its rush to live modern, most of the city's landmarks have succumbed to iron ball and bulldozer to make way for freeways and parking lots. Much of picturesque old Portland along the waterfront was destroyed in this manner, despite pleas of historical buffs until it was too late. Now, suddenly realizing that such things are important, groups of citizens are trying to pick up the pieces as has been done to a small extent in the area

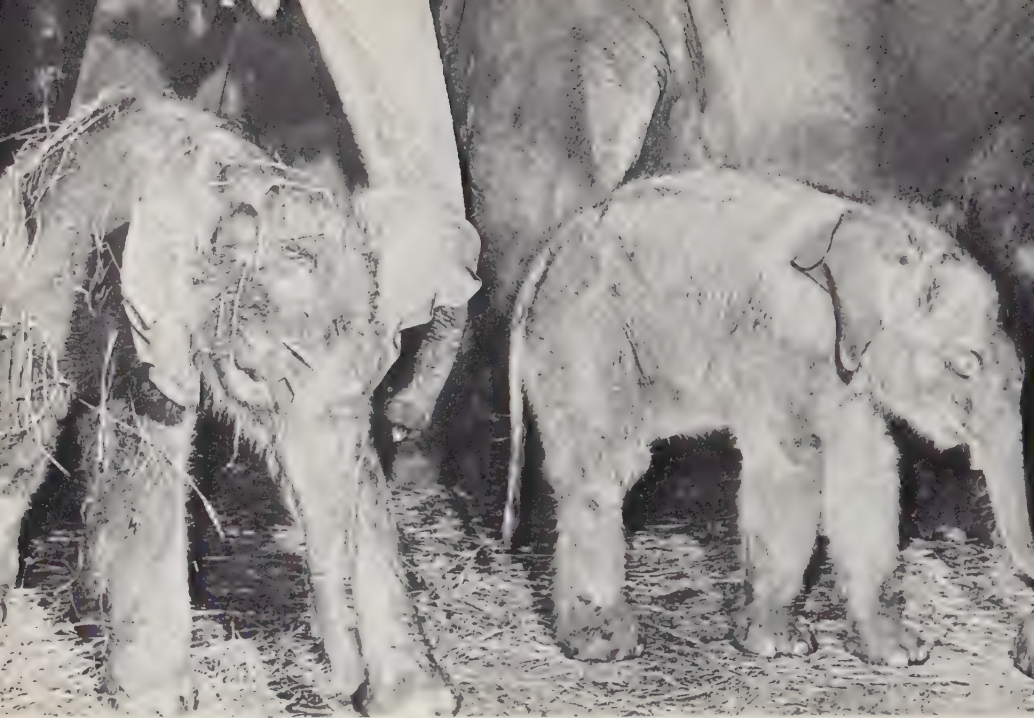
of the Skidmore Fountain, the town's most cherished work of art, where the gaslight era has been resurrected.

The city seems frustrated trying to reconcile its colorful past with its promise of destiny. To get very excited about historic places is looked upon as opposing progress, and this is a cardinal sin in



Ice rink is major attraction of unique Lloyd Center.

Portland. Thus, the grand old Portland Hotel, started by railroad builder Henry Villard and picturesque and wonderful, went down for a parking lot with hardly a squawk. Scenic streetcar lines to Oregon City and up Council Crest were choked off; and the famous drinking fountains of Simon Benson were being quietly eliminated until a vigorous longshoreman, Francis Murnane, protested loudly and saved them. Groups like the alert Oregon Historical Society, the Portland Art Commission, and the Portland Beautification Committee now keep a wary eye on such matters, but they have their work cut out for them, for unlike San Francisco, the citizenry is largely apathetic. Early in 1964, attempts were being made to save the Pittock Estate, one of the city's grandest remaining mansions in Imperial Heights, as a public place of culture. A tele-



Top: Portland zoo is famous for its baby elephants.

Below: Narrow-gauge Zoo Railroad chugs along mountainous route.

vision commentator expressed it well by typically reflecting the Portland attitude:

"I was talking to a San Francisco friend only last night," he said. "Down there they're doing everything possible to save such places as this. Here in Portland we seem to be too inclined to rush ahead and tear things down to build something new. . . Ah, not that I'm against progress, but. . ."



Thus, the City of Roses is a City of NOW, with much of its core area rebuilt and remodeled in the last decade. Millions of dollars are being poured into the city for great construction projects. Downtown landmarks are being torn down and new ones raised with such rapidity that the scene changes almost before your eyes. Everywhere are tall new office buildings, bridges, stores, smart shops, swank hotels and motels, scores of shiny eateries, gay shopping centers, freeways and cloverleaves. The Portland skyline is taking on a Big Town appearance, best viewed traveling west over the new Morrison Bridge, which no longer feeds* onto the street of that name. Dominating the scene are the new Hilton Hotel, with its landscaped patios and plush skyroom — one of several now atop the hotels where a few years ago there were none — the remodeled Benson Hotel, the Standard Insurance Building, and other rebuilt places of steel and glass which are initial steps toward giving relief from narrow streets, crowded parking, and drabness of the core area.

The city is painting its many bridges different colors — a distinctive effort to brighten up the place and help direct newcomers by telling them to "take the red or yellow bridge." The central core is being revitalized with bright awnings, arrays of colorful blooms, sidewalk cafes in season, and tree-lined walks, all to hold a public which was going astray to suburban shopping areas and the huge Lloyd Center just across the river. There is talk of malls and extensive beautification, although traffic and parking problems remain unsolved and Meter Maids walk the beats in their rose-colored uniforms.

The unique Lloyd Center, opened in 1960, helped to change the face of Portland more than anything, for nowhere else has a major shopping center been built so near the central core that it is thrown into direct competition. The feuding between the West Side and the East Side has been in existence for a century, since Ben Holladay, the Overland Stage and railroad builder, bought up quantities of East Side property.



Uncle Sam's fleet comes calling during Rose Festival.

"This will be the city of the future," Holladay roared in a declaration of war. "I'll make Portland (the West Side) nothing but a rat hole, with grass growing on Front Street."

There has been a struggle ever since, at times becoming very heated as it was a few years back when deciding where to locate the huge Memorial Coliseum. It landed on the East Side and then came the Lloyd Center, along with plush motor inns like the Sheraton-Portland, the Cosmopolitan, and the Thunderbird; and most recently under construction, the Coliseum Gardens, a \$50,000,000 complex of apartments, hotel, medical offices, and shopping center. All this has put the West Side on its toes, although it has its own multi-million dollar urban renewal project near the Civic Auditorium. The long-ago threat of Ben Holladay haunts downtown interests, although it shouldn't. Indeed, the grass does grow on Front Street, but it is for beautification of neat parkways near the seawall where Uncle Sam's ships tie up each June during the Rose Festival and where the lonely mast of the battleship *Oregon* is located.

But Lloyd Center shifted the center of gravity, making Portland a more balanced town. Having a friendly atmosphere, where clerks wave as you walk by, Lloyd Center sprawls over 90 square blocks, with much of it under cover, boasts over 100 stores and specialty shops, an ice rink half again as large as Rockefeller Center, and parking for 8,000 cars free from Meter Maids.

The \$400,000 Portland zoological gardens is one of the city's

great achievements of recent years. This well-planned and well-administered zoo just off Canyon Road in the West Hills is among the nation's best, with a wide variety of animals, birds and reptiles gathered from around the world.

The place has a crackerjack zooman in Jack Marks, who has traveled to the far corners for his exhibits, including Russian bears swapped with Soviet zoomen for Oregon beaver at the Brussels World's Fair. Marks made several trips to the Antarctic to bring back a sustaining colony of penguins; and the elephant herd is world renowned since the birth of Packy in 1962, the first elephant born in captivity in over 40 years.

The Portland zoo is a young zoo and always fun. There is a continuing line of playful babies — elephants, lions, tigers, bears, monkeys, chimpanzees and other small fry. The Gibbon apes are good show as high flying trapeze artists and the bears are constantly clowning. Thousands of youngsters and adults flock there on weekends to feed the animals who are ham performers and get very bored when crowds taper off in winter.

The busy Portland Zoo Railroad is said to be the only passenger line in the country operating in the black. In summer, many people like to ride the trains to the zoo over a twisting hill-



Big ships in drydock may be viewed on Swan Island.

side route from the Washington Park terminal near the scented Rose Gardens. This is a 30-inch narrow gauge, a man-size operation built and maintained by retired railroaders and hobbyists. There are a half dozen trains, and often the sleek Zooliner and the diamond-stack live steam train pull out with more adults than kids aboard. When travel is heavy, all the trains are running, controlled by radio and passing each other deep in the woods. There are short rides, too, around the zoo, summertime "Moonlight Specials", and a ghostly Halloween Special the last week in October.

The park has a children's zoo, allowing direct contact with small animals, and across the way is the Oregon Museum of Science and Industry, a rapidly growing science center built by contributions rather than tax dollars. Open daily, the museum has among its features a planetarium, Foucault pendulum, fullsize ship's bridge, medical exhibits including a huge human heart model, a plastic lady to study anatomy, and sections on nature, industry, geology, communications, and the Space Age. Just outside are an air force jet bomber, diving bell, and modern railroad car being developed into a railroad museum.



The Art Museum opposite the Park Blocks in downtown Portland is known for its collections of Northwest Indian and Oriental art. There is a good pioneer display of the Oregon Historical Society at the Auditorium, the Forestry Building has its exhibits of woods, and there is an outdoor collection of old railroad locomotives and streetcars at Oaks Park, one of the city's two amusement parks, the other being Jantzen Beach near the Interstate Bridge to Washington. A mile across this bridge, too, is Fort Vancouver National Memorial, the Hudson's Bay post of fur trading days.

Portland is blessed with many scenic drives, parks, golf courses and beautiful residential areas, for Portlanders are proud of their homes and gardens. Near the zoo is the Hoyt Arboretum with many varieties of trees and scenic places. When the roses are blooming all over town in June and July, the test gardens of Washington and Peninsula parks are sights to behold, and so are the rhododendron gardens of Eastmoreland, with 400 name varieties. The Lambert Gardens and the Grotto are two other famous beauty spots. Flowers are a spectrum of color throughout the city in spring through autumn, and a major tribute to the beauties of nature comes in early June during the gala week-long

Rose Festival with its Grand Floral Parade, concerts, fun and frolic as one of the great events of the year.

When it comes to culture, Portland is very music minded, having a good symphony orchestra, an excellent Symphonic Choir, an annual artists' series, summer park concerts, and a rousing group of 16 songsters known as the Bohemians who are lively specialists in light classics, folk songs and novelty numbers, and have traveled in Europe for the State Department. The Forest Grove Gleemen were also sent on a successful tour in Europe in 1963, where they were lauded at Salzburg, Austria and in Monaco.

The city (and the Oregon Country) has been the stomping ground of many productive nationally known authors, including the aforementioned Stewart Holbrook and Ernest Haycox, Robert Ormond Case, H. L. Davis, Albert Richard Wetjen, Edison Marshall, Peg Bracken, John and Ward Hawkins; such award winning juvenile authors as Evelyn Sibley Lampman, Eloise Jarvis McGraw, Gene Olson, and Ruth Franchere, and short story writers Steve McNeil, Mary Jane Waldo, and Roderick Lull. In recent years, a number of local authors, facing changing times, have migrated south to television land. A top-drawer, century-old public library and the Oregon Historical Society have in no small measure contributed to the success of many local authors.

Portland has several little theater and summer stock companies. The Portland Civic Theater is the oldest local theatrical group, while among the newer ones is the Actors' Ring Players who perform in town winters and at Mount Hood in the summer. There are small movie theaters specializing in foreign or "art" films, and a large number of first run and suburban houses which book the latest movies. Some Broadway road shows, plays and musicals stop for a few nights, but the town has never been considered an A-1 draw for these shows.



The city is long on good restaurants and short on first-class nighteries. Portland's new line of smart eateries rivals those of the Bay area in everything but name. However, many menus are standard, featuring Columbia River salmon, charcoal broiled steaks, fried chicken, Oregon razor clams, baked potato, tossed salad, and coffee. You may eat in the glare of lights or the low glow of cozy lounges, from the Agate Room atop the Cosmopolitan to Bart's Marina, watching the sun go down while barges are pushed up the Columbia toward The Dalles.

Many places now stress their settings with view windows,



The Pioneer Old Scotch Church is still in use in Tualatin Valley near North Plains. Mountain man Joseph L. Meek had a homestead nearby and is buried in churchyard. Church is easily found just off Sunset Highway.

where a few years back you couldn't find a one. Hill Villa, along Terwilliger Boulevard, has a magnificent sweep of city, river and mountains, while near the Oaks Park an old San Francisco ferry boat, the *Shasta*, is a classy riverfront eatery with much atmosphere of the Victorian Age. Across the Interstate Bridge is another good one, the Quay, located in an old waterfront warehouse.

For good food and a relaxing atmosphere but no view, I rank as a favorite Poor Richard's which specializes in seafood and sometimes the informal singing of the Bohemians. Redevelopment of Old Portland and the gaslight era near the Skidmore Fountain inspired the Silk 'n Satin, where you may sing your heart away on the oldtime songs; and there's also the Barbary Coast, a fancy eating and drinking bistro near the Union Station which has the block surrounded by gaslights, a gas flame atop the hotel, and huge mahogany backbars from old San Francisco. An authentic old-time Portland eatery with an unusual atmosphere is the Oregon Oyster House, down narrow Ankeny Street near Second.

There is no club gambling in the city. Pinballs and slot machines are taboo, but the canines and the bangtails run throughout the summer. Portland has never been a nightclub town and good live entertainment is hard to come by, Vegas-style. Occasionally, a "name" drops through, like venerable Hattie Jessup, a rinky-tink gal from the days of the silent films who hammers the upright for awhile at the Sheraton's Alaska Lounge on her way south with the birds from Juneau's Red Dog Saloon to Mickey Mantle's place in Joplin, Missouri. Many of the better lounges, in hotels and restaurants, have piano bars and the ivory ticklers possess passable styles, but most other bars and taverns are of the shuffleboard class, with loud, bothersome crowds. There isn't a first-rate nightclub in town, and those that claim to be with "shows every night" offer noisy combos, shouting vocalists, and strippers for the main acts of the "show".



It's best to check the papers for local sports events and special exhibit shows. Most always, there are things doing at the Memorial Coliseum, which knows basketball and hockey in a single day to draw some 18,000 fans. There's professional baseball, college and high school football in season, and annual affairs like the Pacific International Livestock Exposition in October, boat, trailer, home, sports car and dog shows in the winter.

There are numerous scenic drives in the area — up Skyline or Terwilliger, or the Heights to Council Crest; across town for

a view from Mount Tabor, an extinct volcano; out the river highway to Multnomah Falls; and up the Willamette through Lake Oswego to Oregon City and the falls. The city waterfront boasts 29 marine terminals along 27 miles of frontage, much of it to be seen by driving the west side to the St. Johns Bridge and returning along the bluff of Willamette Boulevard, giving a good view of the city. There's a different view from the top of NW Saltzman Road at the edge of vast Forest Park, and sometimes in fall when the leaves have turned, this huge wilderness park is open to car travel. The big new airport is good for watching the jets come and go; and at the far end of Swan Island, once the airport, you can supervise the drydock work from a public viewing stand. Swan Island is also a likely place to watch the river traffic.

Sauvies Island, a picturesque Tom Sawyer delta land at the mouth of the Willamette, is within easy reach, a serene and romantic place of peaceful farms, migrant bird refuges, fishing and swimming beaches, and bayous, all within the shadows of Portland.

The coast around Seaside is only 80 minutes away and Mount Hood about equal distance. Another favorite drive is through Troutdale and up Larch Mountain, a popular berry picking spot with a closeup view of Mount Hood, the other volcanic peaks, and the Columbia River, over an easy hiking trail.



The rugged Cascade Range grandeur splits Oregon down the middle.



The spectacular Columbia Gorge, looking upriver from Sam Hill viewpoint.

Big River, Big Mountains--

Nothing displays the power and strength of the Oregon Country better than the mighty Columbia River and the high and craggy Cascade Mountains.

The Columbia, which borders Oregon on the north, is one of the great rivers of the world. Its origin is deep in the Canadian Rockies, more than 1,200 miles from the sea, and its many giant tributaries like the Snake, the Clark, the Clearwater and the Willamette spread its influence over one third of the United States. Today, as it is harnessed by huge dams to produce more and more hydroelectric power, the pulsing waters of the Columbia are being felt throughout the West, as it will be able to distribute an output of 46-50,000,000 kilowatts when fully developed.

The big river played a leading role in the saga of the West, from the legend of the Northwest Passage. It was because of the river that the region was opened up, becoming a highway of trappers, traders, pioneers, steamboatmen and all the rest. It re-



Top: Oneonta Gorge, a slot in mossy stone, is an attraction of Columbia area.

Below: Water skiing is popular sport on rivers and lakes of Oregon. This scene is at McNary Dam on the upper Columbia.

mains a busy artery of ocean vessels, naval ships, river boats, barges and private sports craft, with a commerce of 23,000,000 tons annually. And, it has had its impact on world history. The Columbia is sometimes said to have "won" World War II, for the energy of Grand Coulee and Bonneville dams produced aluminum for 60 per cent of American planes and plutonium-239 for atomic bombs. Eight reactors at the Hanford atomic plant continue to manufacture this frightening product, requiring monthly samplings of air, water and vegetation for 25,000 square miles to guard against radiation.

While the river helped in the growth of Oregon, it retarded the settlement of Washington. Once pioneers reached the Willamette Valley, they were reluctant to cross to the northern shore. Thus Washington grew more slowly, even though Fort Vancouver was located there. It was because of the river, too, slashing through the mighty Cascades, that wagon train settlers were able to reach the valley without the difficulty of mountain trails, for they could float their belongings through the 60-mile gorge, even though the risk was great.

Today it is this vast gorge area that is best known to Oregonians and to visitors, and is also the most photographed. It is a spectacular sight from any angle at any time of year, for no two days are the same as the light rays of sun and storm play across the surface of the towering basalt cliffs and send strange and changing shadows over the ruffled water. Indian legend tells of a huge natural bridge which once existed across the gorge at Cascade Locks, near Bonneville Dam, and scars on the high bluffs make this believable at the Bridge of the Gods.

Two of the best places to view the drama of the gorge are on the old scenic highway at Sam Hill viewpoint, and from the Vista House, a landmark perched on nobby Crown Point just a mile or two beyond. The Vista House, with good viewing areas, a worthwhile souvenir shop and restrooms is jokingly referred to as being the region's fanciest his 'n hers. Frank Sterrett, the crusty dean of Portland newspaper photographers, has a favorite story about it, when Queen Marie of Rumania came West in 1926 to dedicate Maryhill Castle, a startling edifice built by Sam Hill, son-in-law of railroader James J. Hill, on another high cliff up-river, and now a fine arts museum. Returning to Portland, Queen Marie's caravan paused at Vista House, while the Queen went below to powder her nose. The newspaper boys were in a jovial mood anyway, for it had been quite a day. Among other things,



Top: At Timberline Lodge, swimmers take dip near ski runs.

Below: Mount Bachelor, southwest of Bend, is growing in popularity as ski resort of the Cascade range.

during the dedication at Maryhill, no white “doves of peace” could be found, so some person of bright ideas saved the day by powdering some pigeons. When released, the flapping birds spread a snowstorm of white stuff that could be seen for miles. Now as the press hung around Vista House, discussing this amazing visit of royalty to the Oregon Country, suddenly one of them shouted, “I heard it boys — Royal Flush.”

A few years ago, a fast river-level expressway was opened through the gorge. There’s a proposal for a tramway from Rooster Rock park to Vista House and another to the cliffs near Bonneville Dam. However, the main section of the twisting, narrow old highway on the bluffs has been retained, thanks to the vigorous and determined efforts of Gertrude Glutsch Jensen of Portland, chairman of the state’s Columbia River Gorge Commission, who wouldn’t allow officialdom to discourage her “Save the Gorge” campaign and has been cited for her work many times, including the Conservation Service Award of the U.S. Department of Interior in 1961, and a special honor by the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society in 1963 in New York City.

You reach this scenic route through Troutdale. It is a beautiful drive, not to be done hurriedly. In spring and summer, the mossy bluffs and grassy areas beneath the cool growth are carpeted with wild flowers. There are eight state parks and eleven lacy waterfalls, some 200 feet high, along this beautiful parkway and most of the travelers you meet are there for enjoyment rather than to speed on their way. It is a good Portland loop trip for families to Multnomah Falls and Bonneville, with a stop for a picnic, a look at the salmon ladders and the powerhouse of Bonneville, and then back down the fast expressway, perhaps spending part of the day at Rooster Rock, a popular swimming and boating beach just below Crown Point.

There are 25 parks between The Dalles and the sea along the big river, and many fishing places and boat landings. The great dams of The Dalles, McNary, and now John Day — one of the largest ever built and causing the entire town of Arlington to be moved — have created new recreation areas in the many miles of backup water. In season, up and down the river, the sportsmen and commercial boys are out in quest of the mighty salmon and steelhead. At the historic old Cascade Locks, near the Bridge of the Gods, anglers also go after the great Columbia River sturgeon with heavy tackle weighted down with railroad spikes, the only fish alive that, by law, you throw back if he’s too big. . .

Swinging away from the Columbia at Hood River, you climb into the famed Hood River Valley, fragrant with orchard blossoms in springtime, a wondrous sight looking toward the towering spire of Mount Hood. Beyond Parkdale you travel the Mount Hood loop (Oregon 35) up the backside of Mount Hood through timbered forests, beside streams and waterfalls, and across the White River glacier until it joins U.S. 26 near Government Camp and the turnoff to famed Timberline Lodge. There is also a spectacular wilderness route known as Lolo Pass, open in summer seasons.

At Timberline, high on the slopes of Hood, you are at the northern anchor point of Oregon's Cascade Range, part of the mountain chain that stretches from Central America deep into Canada. Phil Brogan, the Bend geologist-author, calls the range "our fence of mountains" which separates the two distinct sections of Oregon. From the porch of this Swiss Alpine chateau, on the spot where President Franklin Roosevelt made the dedication in 1937, you look south along the backbone of this range toward the high volcanic spires of Mount Jefferson, Three-Fingered Jack, the Three Sisters, Washington, and the rough mountainous land between them — the source of rivers, heavy with forests, high lakes, glaciers, and ancient lava beds. A thin Skyline Trail stretches from Hood to Crater Lake along this backbone, negotiable in summer by horseback and shank's mare.

Timberline Lodge, known as a year-around ski resort, is the center for outdoor activity of Mount Hood National Forest. The lodge is an architectural wonder, built at the 6,000 foot level of 11,523-foot Mount Hood for about \$2,000,000 in the 1930's by the WPA. The lodge is something of a mountain in itself, with a great stone chimney which has six giant fireplaces and spirals 92 feet in the air. The chimney supports six great beams, each weighing seven tons, winched up the mountain slope. The native stones weigh 800,000 pounds and the entire lodge is on a Paul Bunyan scale, able to withstand 70-foot drifts which pile against it in winter. The rustic interior, 12,000 square feet, contains many handsome hand carvings in its columns, done by the West's leading artists of the day. The lodge draws over half a million visitors annually, being easily accessible 65 miles east of Portland.

Throughout the Cascade Range ski areas like Mount Bachelor and Hoodoo are being developed, accessible from Bend and Willamette Valley centers over good highways. As the snow line recedes, the summer cabins and camping areas open up around the high lakes where the frontier wilderness still is king.



Excursion boats take visitors around blue Crater Lake.

Crater Lake and the Rogue--

Just over 100 years ago, in 1863, a frontier Swiss photographer, Peter Britt, and his son Emil hacked their way across tough terrain with a wagon to the rim of one of the world's most beautiful bodies of water — Crater Lake.

Britt who came from the rowdy mining camp of Jacksonville took the first pictures of the lake, which may be seen today in the excellent museum of the old town. He developed the plates in his wagon darkroom. Some time later, he returned for a second picture session and had to blaze a road all over again, being unable to find his original trail.

Crater Lake had forever been known to the Indians who referred to it through their legends as the battle ground of the gods. They seldom visited the place, but a white man, John W. Hillman, and his prospector pals did so in 1853, naming it "Deep Blue Lake". Some years after, a party from J'ville gave it the name it bears today.

Thousands are still discovering this great natural wonder, a magnificent blue sapphire in the volcanic crater of Mount Maza-



Top: Oregon Caves National Monument attracts thousands with its wonders. This is "The Chapel" of marble caverns near Grants Pass.

Below: U. S. Hotel in historic Jacksonville where President Hayes spent night.

ma, indeed a sight to behold in surroundings of high mountains and unique geological wonders. The 250-square mile area has been a national park since 1902, the only one in Oregon, and now feeling the mounting pressures from hordes of Californians who find it only a day's haul from the Central Valley and the Bay. Crater Lake may be easily reached from turnoffs on U.S. 99 (Interstate 5) at Medford, north of Klamath Falls on U.S. 97, south from Bend, and southeast from Eugene over the Willamette Pass (Oregon 58). The park is now open all year with a winter skiing season.

The deep blue lake is six miles wide, 1,932 feet deep, and has some 20 miles of shoreline, with the rim 1,980 feet above the water. As with the ocean or the Grand Canyon, visitors find themselves turning again and again to view the spectacle, for sun and cloud formations produce constant light changes on the surface of this ink-like water of unbelievable blue and deep purple. The paved road around the rim is easily driven and in the 35-mile loop the lake, the Phantom Ship, Wizard Island, Pinnacles, and countless other wonders may be seen from many angles. From Cleetwood Cove, you may take a 2½ hour launch trip across the lake; and there are also bus tours, trail treks, and nature walks, one near Rim Village a graphic display of the development of a forest. There is much wildlife throughout the park and the frolicsome birds and begging squirrels at Rim Village will snatch tidbits from your hand.



Crater Lake is one of several outstanding attractions of the Southern Oregon region, whose people seem often more a part of California than of Oregon. South of Klamath Falls, a large town most Oregonians know little about, and over the California border is Lava Beds National Monument, preserving the amazing fortifications of Captain Jack's stronghold and remnants of the Oregon Modoc War of 1872-73. To the West of K-Falls across the mountains lies the beautiful Rogue River Valley which can be reached in a wondrous trip from the Crater Lake rim over twisting miles of forests along the bank of the sparkling river to Medford and Grants Pass, gateway to the Oregon Caves National Monument.

Tourism is big business in this prime recreation area, which knows such celebrities as Ginger Rogers. There is a great array of modern motels, lodges and other accommodations around the three key cities of Medford, Grants Pass and Ashland. The latter, home of Southern Oregon College of Education, seems to live for the annual nationally famous Shakespearean Festival which



The famed Shakespearean Festival at Ashland attracts thousands.

runs from mid-July to early September. You'll need advance reservations for this one, for the crowds are tremendous and growing yearly. There are many art shows, festivals, boat races and other events, and a new musical festival in the Britt Gardens at Jacksonville, plus boating, fishing and lolling in the sun along the Rogue.

Old Jacksonville, five miles from Medford, is one of the West's finest historic towns. Gold was discovered here in the 1850's and for a long while thereafter it was a bustling center, the largest between Sacramento and Portland. J'ville survived Indian Wars, epidemics, fires, a starvation winter, street brawls and hangings, but when Medford got the railroad, it did in the town. Somehow, it was caught in a strange backwash of time, so that many of the old buildings with dirt roofs to protect them from flaming Indian arrows were kept in use these many decades. The Beekman Bank, which handled \$31,000,000 in gold dust, was locked when the owner died, preserving the place as it was in the old days — for future generations. Such action is most unusual among western mining towns.

The old courthouse, scene of the famed D'Autremont brothers trial as its last dramatic case, is now one of the best museums of frontier artifacts on the West Coast. One room is devoted to the work of Peter Britt with displays of his early camera and dark-room equipment, photographs and paintings removed fortunately not long before fire gutted the stately old Britt mansion. This dis-

play alone is worth a visit to the museum. I have seen none to equal it in the many museums devoted to our Old West.

The entire town is a museum. In late years its citizens and many history-minded Oregonians have come to realize that Jacksonville is a prize relic of the frontier. They are busy resurrecting the old landmarks and managed to discourage highway engineers, who have no feeling for our heritage, from slicing the historic town in two with a freeway. The Beekman home has been restored and opened, some of the churches are oldest in the territory, and efforts are being made to save the U.S. Hotel where President Hayes stayed and got sore as a boil when the proprietress charged him \$120 for a single night's lodging. The town is honeycombed with mines. A doctor I know practices in a building with a dirt roof and a mine shaft in his basement. On the hill is a cemetery whose tombstones tell of Indian raids, epidemics and hard pioneer living.

Following the Applegate Trail out through the valley toward Grants Pass, you see pastoral Oregon at its best. This is truly old Oregon and back in the hills, I'm told, are people who still greet you with a rifle at their door. The famed Mon Desir Restaurant at Central Point; at Gold Hill is the House of Mystery where folks appear taller than they are and golf balls roll uphill.

Visitors find Southern Oregon a fascinating place, steeped in history and legend such as the two fellows in the Jacksonville jail who mined gold in the floor while serving their term. Unlike President Hayes, whom folks observed was so angry "he never did come back", you'll more than likely do so. And you won't be charged \$120 a night, even in these times.



Old Perpetual geyser, near Lakeview, spouts 60 feet every ten seconds.



East of Cascades is ranch country, with tangy Western flavor.

Yonder Country--

Across the tall Cascade Mountains is a different Oregon. This is a land of astounding openness, under a big western sky. One visitor put it most aptly:

"Boy! This is shore outdoors."

First time visitors are so used to thinking of Oregon in terms of lush greenery and thick forests that they can hardly believe their eyes, for this is the Beaver State's other self — a beautiful yet wandering region of rolling fertile plains, parched deserts, yellow range, jagged bluffs, fossil beds, deep river canyons, blue lakes, roaring streams, and extraordinary geological wonders of great antiquity and violence long before the dawn of recorded history.

From the high ridges, you can look a long way up and a long way back of beyond. As one eastern Oregon youngster complained about the west side of the mountains: "Shucks, with all those trees, you can't see nothing."

There is a certain wildness here in 50,000 yawning square miles, some of it virtually unexplored, spreading from the sparkling backdrop of the Cascade Range to the Idaho and Nevada lines. Everything is different — weather, the land, the attitude of the people, the way things are done. Here, they drink their coffee blacker and their likker quikker. Central Oregon has much sunshine and although it gets mighty cold winters, it has become a year-around place to be for anglers, hunters, hikers, rockhounds, winter sports enthusiasts, Old West buffs, and folks who just enjoy cruising about in their cars.

The country changes the moment you cross the Divide. Pine forests replace the Douglas fir and one of the first things you notice is the clean forest floor, carpeted with pine needles, compared with western Oregon's thick undergrowth. As you come off the mountains, the land unfolds into broken plateaus, rolling hills and deep canyons molded by great glaciers and volcanic action. Some of the explorable caves are said still to contain glacial ice; it was from ice caves that towns like Bend got their supplies in the early days.

There are several routes across the Cascades, among them over Mount Hood (U.S. 26), the North and South Santiams (U.S. 20 and 22), and the McKenzie Pass (U.S. 126), open only in summers and taking you through spectacular high lava beds. Visitors from the south often take U.S. 97, a good year-around highway branching off from Weed, California, and cutting alongside Klamath Lake and many miles of tall timber, rushing rivers and mountain lakes, with the spectacular Cascades always in view.

From the Willamette Valley, I prefer the North Santiam route for its distinct beauty of mountain country. You travel beside the Santiam River, past Detroit Dam and beautiful Suttle Lake which somehow reminds me of Donner Lake in the Sierras; then sweep down through miles of stately pine forests to the wonders of the Metolius resort area, where a big river gushes full measure from a mountainside to meander, clear and blue, through woodlands and meadows of one of the state's best mountain resort areas of cabins, lodges, private summer homes and camp grounds. At tiny Camp Sherman, you may stand on the bridge and feed fat trout which lie



☆☆☆

The Deschutes runs through the heart of the city, which is the county seat, and much of the river bank has been developed into a public park. Boys take fat trout while their sisters feed the wild ducks which find haven here and stop traffic on the main streets as they waddle from curb to curb. Each July, too, Mirror Pond becomes a fairyland during the spectacle of Bend's annual water pageant.

Central Oregon College is located here, as are some large sawmills. The fragrance of the pines, blended with sagebrush, seems everywhere. The Three Sisters Mountains, originally called Faith, Hope and Charity, dominate it all, along with Mount Bachelor, a ski resort of growing popularity where 1964 American Olympics medalist Jean Saubert of Lakeview, Oregon, has worked out. From Pilot Butte, you can see many high peaks strung out along the range, including the Sisters, Hood, Jefferson, Washington, and Three-Fingered Jack, an unforgettable splendor at sunrise and sundown.

Occasionally movie and television producers use this area as a setting for their western films, among them Kirk Douglas for "The Indian Fighter" and Walt Disney for "Tonka", employing local Indians and whites as extras so that these people can truthfully boast that they "survived" Custer's Last Stand. For several summers, Richard Boone was a regular, filming episodes for his "Have Gun, Will Travel".

The Bend area should be used to stage personalities. Its first



Little explored is rugged Owyhee Canyon in southeast part of state.



Top: Flights of migrating birds form thrilling sights east of mountains.

Below: Antelope are found in the Malheur National Wildlife Refuge south of Burns, along with hundreds of bird varieties and animals.

was Klondike Kate, the strange Queen of the Yukon who made Bend her home for the latter half of her life, after she quit the vaudeville footlights. Kate arrived on the High Desert east of Bend to prove up a homestead when the Old West was still roaring in this ranch country. There are folks alive who recall this showy dance hall girl traveling by buckboard through the sagebrush in her gaudy gowns. A few years later she moved to Bend.

Although Kate died in 1957, she remains a subject of controversy in Bend where folks aren't sure whether they should capitalize on her legend or just ignore it. Her rustic home was still standing in 1964 opposite the hospital, with its huge fireplace built from her rock collection. There are other tokens of her ways, too, among them a small shrine on the hospital grounds, also of her rocks, and a heavy petrified stump in the river park which she gave to the city. The boys at the local firehall exhibit some of her little gifts, for Kate was a member of the Bend Volunteers, serving coffee on the firelines. But not all of Bend remembers her kindly. Loud and brassy, Kate was considered a show-off, wearing flowery hats when she came downtown to coffee-up with the boys and boring people with yarns about her Alaska and vaudeville days.

The flavor of the Old West remains in Central and Eastern Oregon, for it extended well into this century. This is Ernest Haycox country, where the great western author laid many of his stories. Many people well remember the range wars, the vigilante movements, the homesteaders, the railroad race along the Deschutes between crusty James J. Hill and E. H. Harriman, and the wild times around Prineville, Bend, Redmond, Shaniko, Canyon City and in the Sumpter Valley. Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, was once a lawman here, and the law was sorely needed. There were horse thieves, cattle rustlers, Indian raids, and wars between sheep and cattle men. In one such roaring engagement, over 2,400 sheep were slaughtered. Things got so bad around Prineville that a vigilante corps was organized, decorating the junipers and bridges with renegades. Then a second group had to be formed to take care of the vigilantes. . .

At times, the ranchers yearn for the old days, though mostly in talk. Not long ago a cattlemen's association, formed years back to deal with rustlers, complained that cattle thievery was still a major problem and their losses heavy, but there seemed no way of curtailing it in this wide country. Rustlers now move about in high speed cars and trucks and when caught, get off with nominal fines



A man's lifetime work is displayed in Peterson Rock Gardens near Redmond.

and short jail terms. Rope and lead were far more effective, the ranchers contend.

In places like John Day and Mount Vernon, cowboys drive cattle to range down the main streets, as many as 1,400 head 56 miles to new grass, urged along by punchers as much at home in the saddle as in the bucket seat of a sportscar. They rope 'em and brand 'em as in the old days and bed down under the stars. Ranches and towns have their annual round-ups and frontier days, while in Tygh Valley the Indians stage a teeth-jarring rodeo each summer which rivals any in all the West for ruggedness. But come September, all roads lead to Pendleton for one of the West's greatest shows.

Over near Burns, Texas longhorn steers graze in the bunch grass of a rancher who raises them. In the Blue Mountains and the Owyhee country, wild horses are found. Deer and antelope are at home on this range, attracting thousands of hunters each autumn; and in timber and prairie are sagehen, grouse, rabbits, squirrels, and many other forms of small animals. A good place to view wild-life is on the Malheur refuge and museum south of Burns on the way to Frenchglen, once headquarters for the famed P-Ranch of cattle baron Pete French. The Malheur refuge and Hart Mountain National Antelope refuge are largest in the nation, representing a combined total of 406,442 acres.

In this big country, ranch wives may drive 120 miles to the supermarket. Television is a sometimes thing and some sections are still getting their first telephones. Emergency messages are relayed, friendly western style, by radio-equipped cars. Some ranches are

so far from town that there's a community mailbox beside the highway. Anyone going thataway picks up all the mail which is passed hand to hand till it reaches the proper parties.

The sorrel mare is the best way to get around many areas, although the four-wheel jeep is also a handy piece of gear. Punchers tie up their horses beside Cadillacs and roll their own, while broad-brimmed hats and blue jeans prevail, along with a tangy western humor. These people seem to have more time for living, and setting and jawing a spell. On a Sunday afternoon a young cowboy was observed dressed in his best suit and shiny boots climbing onto a stool in a tiny cafe at Silver Lake where in 1894, 43 people died in a Christmas Eve dancehall conflagration, Oregon's worst tragedy from fire. He'd "come to town" for Sunday dinner and was content with his lot.

"Been to Portland twice," he drawled. "It don't hold nuthin' for me."

Cattle herds move through these waysides, reminiscent of the pioneer past, and sometimes there's even gunplay. Late in 1963, two cowboys from a ranch south of Burns quarreled and shot it out in the Nevada border town of Denio, twice wounding one of them. A whoop 'n holler back, some bandits tried a payroll "heist" at Paisley, a picturesque cowtown that hasn't changed much in over half a century. Suddenly Paisley's dusty street was filled with flying lead as citizens dived for their six guns, formed a posse, and captured the outlaws.

It was in Paisley, too, where the horrified postmistress discovered letters had been falling inside the mail slot. It had been going on for years. She'd try to locate the owners, she apologized, but some of the stray mail went back quite a ways. Not too long ago, two ranchers settled a waterhole dispute with a fast-action draw, television-style. Some shootings around Wagontire never were solved; it was too far for the sheriff to come. The region has more recently had a new crop of troublesome land speculators, advertising the glories of the sagebrush in places like southern California. Three of them were convicted of land frauds early in 1964.

The past here blends magnificently with the present. On the High Desert between Bend and Burns you can still see remains of the homestead era in the tumble-down shacks and broken windmills. Klondike Kate's shanty near Brothers was torn down a few years ago by a rancher running cattle on the land, but one of her neighbors lives nearby, as he did in the old days.



Joaquin Miller, famed poet of Sierras, lived here, near Canyon City.

"I got no place to go," he told me. "And besides, I kinda like it here."

A lot of folks recall Bill Brown, the wild horse king who had 38,000 acres, 10,000 horses and 22,000 sheep. South of Hampton you can find his range cabin, corrals and windmill abandoned on the windswept plain. He ranged far and wide for his horse trading deals and was chased by tax collectors from three counties. Brown seldom stayed put long, being of a restless nature, and when his help caught up with him, he wrote out their pay on pieces of leather, bits of cloth, or a chunk of board. All were legal tender at a Bend bank which still has them.



Fishing is good on this huge plateau and in the nearby high mountain lakes. Many lakes, rivers and wilderness streams are within easy reach of Prineville, Redmond and Bend. Paulina, East, Diamond and Suttle lakes are among the most popular. The Deschutes is excellent for trout and steelhead. At Maupin and on the Warm Springs Reservation anglers using flies have a fine time near sundown in the summertime. But you should be constantly on the alert for rattlesnakes no matter where you wet a line.

Towns such as Burns jump with hunters in the fall as though bands of trail drovers had come to town. In addition to deer and antelope, half a million ducks and geese darken the skies, for this is the Pacific Flyway where they land at places like Summer Lake and the Malheur reserve.

More and more people are experiencing excitement of the region east of the Cascades, from the Jordan Valley with its picturesque Basque settlement and the beautiful Wallowas of Chief Joseph to the ghost towns around Baker, Canyon City, and at Shaniko. The abundance of sunshine and clear though nippy air are found to be a tonic for many. The main plateau of Central Oregon is about 3,600 feet elevation. In late fall through spring the mercury plunges into the low teens (in places like Christmas Valley it may go way below zero), but daytime temperatures will rise to 50 above. Records show mid-January readings of 66 and a February high of 69. The average winter snowfall is 17 inches. Main routes are open all winter, but snow tires and chains are needed to negotiate the mountain passes and the back country. A chinook wind — a warm, moist southwest breeze — may quickly clear away a heavy snowfall as if by magic, while the multi-colored buttes take on a new look from the winter powder.



Oregonians who like to eat out travel long distances to reach the Pine Tavern in Bend, located in the heart of town along the river park. It is one of Oregon's most famous restaurants of long standing, run by two women who observe the Sabbath, which could be one of their busiest days, by closing all day. The food is good family fare, with baking powder biscuits and honey a specialty, and as another rather unusual feature, though it has the name "tavern", there is no cocktail lounge, considered a mainstay with most eateries today. Another unique eating place is in the old hotel at Shaniko, a ghost town just off U.S. 97 north of Madras, where the dining is western style and mighty informal, but loads of fun.

Rock collecting is a big hobby and this ancient land is bonanza for the rockhounds. Thousands of them swarm over the plateaus to ferret out agates, thundereggs, petrified woods, jasper, obsidian, quartz, opal lava, volcanic cinders and Indian arrowheads. Arrowheads are found near Fort Rock, a strange desert fortress south-east of Bend where sandals 9,300 years old of juniper and sagebrush bark were unearthed some years ago in a cave, shedding light on an ancient civilization that existed at the edge of an inland sea. Discoveries like this and those of the John Day fossil beds are humbling, bringing home with startling impact how truly small we really are, and how brief our stay on earth.

There are countless caves, lava beds, and odd outcroppings strewn throughout the plateau. Some sections resemble the face



The colorful Pendleton Roundup is one of the West's great shows.

of the moon, so that U.S. space scientists have taken interest in them as a training ground for moon-bound astronauts. But rock-hounds learn they have far to go to match the efforts of a Danish immigrant, Rasmus Peterson, when they see the tremendous Peterson Rock Gardens near Redmond. A bachelor, Peterson spent his lifetime gathering strange and beautiful rocks by the ton and fitting thousands of assorted pieces and colors into an artistic fairyland of castles, towers, bridges, gardens, pools, and pathways which attract hordes of awestruck visitors each year. Nearby, too, is another unique attraction: ranches where reindeer from Alaska are raised and trained for the nation's department stores at Christmastime.

In the back country prospectors still pan for gold and dream of locating the legendary Blue Bucket Mine. Oldtimers spin yarns among the ghosts of Shaniko and Canyon City. But throughout this vast region, you get a certain feeling of independence hard to find nowadays.

Actor Richard Boone learned it was all too true when shooting television footage along one of the creeks. Local officials, eager to please, tried to oust an angler from his favorite riffle "so Mr. Boone can make a scene."

The unimpressed angler faced gunslinger Paladin in a standoff.

"I don't care if it's Dan'l Boone," he drawled. "I ain't budgin'." Paladin backed down.

That's how you're likely to find things in this Oregon Country.

Oregon at a Glance--

FACTS ABOUT OREGON —

Size: 10th largest of 50 states

Length—285 mi.

Width—380 mi.

Overall area—96,981 sq. mi.

Coastline—428 mi.

Provisional gov. May 2, 1843

Territory Aug. 14, 1848

Admitted to Union Feb. 14, 1859

Population: 1st census, 1850—12,093

1960—1,768,687

Geographic center, Deschutes Co., near Brothers

Highest peak, Mt. Hood, 11,245 ft.

No. counties, 36

Largest, Harney, 10,132 sq. mi.

Smallest, Multnomah, 424 sq. mi.

Smallest co. in pop., Sherman, 2,430

Largest city, Portland, 375,000

Smallest town, Granite, pop. 3.

No. incorp. cities, 220

State capital, Salem, pop. 50,529

Leading industries: Timber, agriculture, outdoor recreation and tourism, construction.

State colors, Navy blue and gold

State bird, Western meadowlark

State flower, Oregon grape

State fish, Chinook salmon

State tree, Douglas fir

State song, "Oregon My Oregon"

State motto, "The Union"

Terr. motto, "She Flies With Her Own Wings"

Sportsmen license fees—

Resident—

Fishing, \$4.00

Hunting, \$4.00

Combination, \$7.00

Salmon-steelhead, \$1.00 extra

Non-resident—

Fishing, \$1.00 per day

7 days, \$5.00

1 year, \$10.00

Hunting, \$35.00

State parks, 125 with 2764 campsites

National Park, Crater Lake

National Monument, Oregon Caves

National Memorial, Fort Clatsop

Number of National Forests, 14

FOR INFORMATION WRITE:

Travel Bureau, State Highway Dept.,
Salem

Oregon Coast Ass'n., Newport

Tourist Inf. Center, Portland

Local Chambers of Commerce

'MUST' PLACES TO SEE

(Check them off)

..... Champoeg Park, west Portland-Salem Freeway

..... Historic Astoria, Fort Clatsop

..... State capital, Salem

..... Tillamook Co. Museum, Cape Meares and Cape Lookout

..... Old Jacksonville, mining town near Medford

..... Crater Lake

..... Columbia Gorge, scenic old highway route, side trip to Larch Mt.

..... Metolius River headwaters, west of Bend

..... Timberline Lodge, Mt. Hood

..... The Dunes, Oregon Coast near Florence

..... Dams—Bonneville, The Dalles, John Day, McNary, Detroit

..... Oregon Caves, near Grants Pass

..... Ghost towns near Baker

..... Lava beds, near Bend-Redmond

..... Peterson Rock Gardens, Redmond

..... Portland:

..... Zoological gardens, Zoo RR, museum science-industry

..... The Grotto, Sanctuary of Our Sorrowful Mother

..... Lloyd Center

..... Forestry Bldg.

..... Council Crest, view of city

..... Public drydocks, viewing stand, Swan Island

..... Old locomotives, Oaks Park

..... Rose and rhododendron test gardens Lambert Gardens

..... Silver Falls Park, east of Salem

..... Sea Lion Caves, Oregon coast

EVENTS TO WATCH FOR —

..... Gay 90's Festival, Northwest barber-shop quartet songfest, Forest Grove, end of February

..... White Water Parade, McKenzie River, Eugene, mid-April

..... Rose Festival, Portland, early June

..... Tygh Valley Indian rodeo, May

..... Timber Carnival, Albany, July 4 week

..... Rodeos, Molalla and St. Paul, July 4 week

..... Water Pageant, Bend, July

..... Miss Oregon Pageant, Seaside, June

..... Shakespearean Festival, Ashland, late July-early Sept.

..... Oregon State Fair, Salem, week starting Labor Day weekend

..... Pendleton Roundup, September

..... Pacific International Livestock Exposition, Portland, October

GOOD BOOKS ABOUT THE OREGON COUNTRY

FACT FINDING —

Oregon Bluebook, published by State of Oregon

Oregon, End of the Trail, American Guide Series (WPA)

Oregon Almanac, edited by James E. Brooks

Corning, Howard McKinley, *Dictionary of Oregon History*

McArthur, Lewis A., *Oregon Geographic Names*

GENERAL —

Brogan, Philip F., *East of the Cascades*

Case, Robert Ormond, *Last Mountains*

Corning, Howard McKinley, *Willamette Landings*

DeVoto, Bernard, *Year of Decision*

— *The Journals of Lewis and Clark* (edited by)

Fuller, George W., *History of the Pacific Northwest*

Holbrook, Stewart, *Far Corner*

— **The Columbia*

Johanson, Dorothy and Gates, Chas. M., *Empire of the Columbia*

Johnson, Jalmar, *Builders of the Northwest*
Lavender, David, *Land of Giants*
Lucia, Ellis, *Tough Men, Tough Country*
Mills, Randall, *Sternwheelers Up Columbia*
Morgan, Murray, *The Northwest Corner*
Oliver, Herman, *Gold and Cattle Country*

HISTORICAL NOVELS —

Berry, Don, **Trask*

Davis, H. L., **Honey In the Horn*

Haycox, Ernest, **Canyon Passage*

— **Long Storm*

— **The Earthbreakers*

— **The Adventurers*

Jones, Nard, *Swift Flows the River*
McKeown, Martha, *Mountains Ahead*

*Also in paperback

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OREGON--PLAYLAND OF THE NEW WEST